Rule or Ruin at Denver by William F. Dunne

NEW MASSES

OCTOBER 19, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

What's Really Happening in the Soviet Union

The Story That Lies Behind All Those Stories of Spies, Executions, Fear Psychosis; The First of Four Articles

by

Joshua Kunitz

Social Change in Spain
Joseph P. Lash

Furtwängler and Toscanini
Vincent Sheean

The Legend of John Reed
Granville Hicks

The Town that Grew a Beard
Martin Porter

Roosevelt vs. Isolationism
An Editorial

New Trends in Irish Letters
Edwin Berry Burgum

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETWEEN OURSELVES

RALPH BATES, on leave of absence from the International Brigade in Spain, is here for a three months' speaking tour through the country. His experiences as an officer active in military service climax eleven years of residence in Spain, out of which the novels *Lean Men* and *The Olive Field* have come. His next novel, *Offensive,* will tell the story of the fighting at Brunete where he helped rout the troops of General Franco who, by special edict at Burgos on February 26, condemned Bates and banned his books from fascist territory.

As honorary member of the League of American Writers, Bates is active on the Executive Committee of the International Association of Writers in Defense of Culture, with which the League is affiliated. He has accepted the invitation of the National Council of the League of American Writers to lecture at public meetings sponsored by its various chapters. In these meetings the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion will act as co-sponsors and will see that the proceeds are used for the welfare of the American boys fighting in Spain. In a letter to the League, Bates wrote:

"It may seem strange to some members, but my work in the International Brigade in Spain has been for me an exhilarating stimulus to my literary thinking. It is not only that it has meant the association with such writers as Malraux, Renn, Regler, Kantorowicz, Yef Last, Ralph Fox, and John Cornford (the last two unhappily, but not tragically, lost to us), but that fighting at the side of such men of ideals has clarified in my mind much that was obscure about the relation of thought and imagination to action, about the relation of art to life. I want to discuss these things intimately with my fellow-writers of America."

Simultaneous with the announcement of Bates's tour, the League informs us that Ludwig Renn has accepted the invitation of the League to visit America and will tour the country under League auspices. The distinguished German novelist, an anti-Nazi exile, has, like Ralph Bates, been fighting with the International Brigades in Spain.

Two or three days after we received the manuscript of Joseph Lash's article in this issue, we received another document from him: a copy of a letter to Norman Thomas announcing his resignation from the Socialist Party. The letter follows in part:

". . . . Party loyalty must be based on something more than affection for individuals and veneration for the source and parent of one's socialist convictions. I am persuaded that the present position of the party is tragically out of step with the organized working class, both here in the United States and internationally. One group in the party decides all its policies with an eye to the discredited Trotskyites: 'We must take no position which that outfit can attack as "reformist."' Another group decides its policies with an eye to the Communist Party: 'We must take no position which will coincide with or approximate that of the "Stalinists."' . . .

"In every country the struggle for collective action has become a struggle of the labor movement of that country against the capitalist class. Under the vigorous leadership of the Soviet Union (whom we are quick to berate but slow to praise), the world labor movement today is rallying around the concept of collective action against the aggressor. The Socialist International, the Communist International, all the forces of peace and decency, have now united on an international policy for the pacification of the world. And in the United States, in the very name of internationalism, we assume a posture of hostility to collective action! . . .

"Another matter that has troubled me deeply has been our attitude toward the progressive political movement that is spreading like wildfire over the country. A long time ago I heard Harry Laidler make the shrewd comment that what the country needed was not socialist education, but devices for canalizing organizationally the vast reservoirs of 'production for use' sentiment that already existed. Technocracy, Upton Sinclair's vast vote, your own splendid reception in the 1932 campaign indicated how widely socialist sentiment had pervaded the thinking, not only of farmers and workers, but of youth and middle class people. I was thrilled by the Continental Congress that the party organized precisely because it seemed to indicate our awareness of the need for other than strictly party channels to canalize the breakaway from the capitalist parties.

"But our flexibility and adaptability of those days seems to have disappeared in the interim. Because the breakaway from old habits of political thought and action has not been under our auspices and control or according to our prophecies, we view it with suspicion and hostility. Instead of following Marx's injunction of never separating ourselves from the working class, we seem to have done our best to isolate ourselves. . . . I cannot help but feel that the unrealistic approach of many of our comrades and especially of the *Socialist Call,* to these parties [Commonwealth Federation, American Labor Party," etc.—ED.] is a reflection of our hostility to the people's front and that our hostility to the latter arises chiefly because of its Communist origin. . . .

"Concerning Spain, having just returned from there, I cannot agree that Caballero and the Anarchists are the spearhead of the popular revolution. The Negrín government is working as effectively as possible to win the war and is not compromising any of the essential social gains of the popular revolution. . . .

"Such are the considerations that have moved me to this action. I suppose I shall be denounced up and down the land as a 'Stalinist.' I have the scant comfort of knowing that were I in Europe, I would be considered as loyal a Socialist as Harold Laski, or Jean Zyromski, or Alvarez del Vayo."

In next week's issue: "Are Sex Crimes Due to Sex?" by Michael Brush, tells what the newspapers failed to report of the hearings of the Joint Legislative Committee, set up to investigate the wave of sex crimes in New York. "Retreat from Hollywood," by Martin Porter and George Oakden is a full report of the film colony's thrilling reception of Vittorio Mussolini, which sent the baby-killer back home with his tail between his legs.

An exhibition of the originals of Herb Kruckman's "Seeing America First" series, most of which have appeared in these pages, is being held at the New School for Social Research in New York City, from October 19 to November 1.

Who's Who

JOSHUA KUNITZ, who last month resumed active association with the NEW MASSES staff and who for more than two years was our correspondent in the Soviet Union, is the author of *Dawn over Samarkand* and other works. . . . Joseph P. Lash is national secretary of the American Student Union and vice-chairman of the United Student Peace Committee. . . . Frederic Prokosch is the author of the current *Seven Who Fled.* . . . William F. Dunne is a staff writer of the *Daily Worker.* . . . Vincent Sheean's last contribution to the NEW MASSES was called "Two Dictators." It was published in our December 15, 1936, twenty-fifth anniversary issue and was a study in contrasts between Mussolini and Toscanini. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is associate professor of English at New York University. . . . Mauritz A. Hallgren is associate editor of the *Baltimore Sun* and author of the current *The Tragic Fallacy* . . . David Wolff, poet, and also associated with Frontier Films, is one of a corps of reviewers who will cover current movies this season. . . . Similarly, Eleanor Flexner, who was associated with *New Theatre magazine,* will be one of a corps covering the theater.

Flashbacks

JOHN REED journalist, playboy, poet, was born fifty years ago this week (October 20, 1887) in Portland, Ore. . . . And seventeen years ago this week (October 17, 1920), John Reed, American representative on the first Executive Committee of the Communist International, died in Moscow. . . . While the liberal world looked on with sympathy and misgivings, John Brown and twenty-one followers seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va., October 16, 1859. This was one detail in a whole plan to help Negroes throw off the burden of slavery. . . . Having listened to the stirring speeches of Fanny Wright (who first used the phrase "class struggle") and of Robert Dale Owen, New York laborers, mechanics, and small businessmen banded together on October 19, 1829 to form the Workingmen's Party. Left-wingers in the new party used as their manifesto *The Equal Rights of Man to Property* by one Skidmore, a mechanic.

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXV, NO. 4

October 19, 1937

What's Happening in the Soviet Union? *by Joshua Kunitz* . . 3
"Time Works for Us"—Spain, 1937 *by Joseph P. Lash* . . 6
Two Poems *by Richard Eberhart* 8
The Legend of John Reed *by Granville Hicks* 9
Peninsula *A Poem by Frederic Prokosch* 11
Editorial Comment 13
Rule or Ruin at Denver *by William F. Dunne* 16
Furtwängler versus Toscanini *by Vincent Sheean* 17
The Town That Grew a Beard *by Martin Porter* . . . 19

REVIEW AND COMMENT

New Trends in Irish Letters *by Edwin Berry Burgum* . . 23
Principles of Warfare *by Mauritz A. Hallgren* 24
Second American Revolution *by David Lurie* 24
A Doctor's Dilemma *by Norman Macleod* 25
Brief Reviews 25
Recently Recommended Books 27

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Screen *by David Wolff and Peter Ellis* 28
The Theater *by Eleanor Flexner* 28
Forthcoming Broadcasts 31
Recently Recommended Movies, Plays, Phonograph Recordings 31

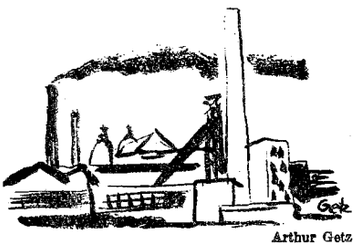
Art work by Arthur Getz, A. Ajay, Gardner Rea, William Hernandez, Moses Soyer, Dan Rico, Maurice Becker, Fred Ellis, John Heliker, John Mackey, Lloyd J. Reynolds, Richter, Soriano, G. Paz-Perez, Deyo Jacobs, Robert Joyce.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1937, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 9, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES
OCTOBER 19, 1937



Arthur Getz

What's Happening in the Soviet Union?

In this first of a series of four articles, the author answers the questions he has heard on his return from two years in the U.S.S.R.

By Joshua Kunitz

EVER since my return to America, after a rather long stay in the Soviet Union, friends, enemies, and sympathizers of the Soviets have pelted me with innumerable questions—eager, anxious, worried, malicious, cynical, hopeful. What is really going on in the U.S.S.R.? What are all those reports about spies, shootings, fear psychoses? Is it true that labor discipline has broken down, that Soviet economy is in a state of chaos, and that the Soviet worker is among the most underpaid and exploited in the world? Are there really symptoms of new classes being formed under the dictatorship of the proletariat? Can one see smiling faces in the Soviet Union? What about the reports that the church is regaining its influence? Is the Soviet Union progressing toward communism, or has the communist goal been completely lost sight of? Is Harold Denny telling the truth when he reports that the moral effect of the Soviet regime on the Soviet masses has been disastrous?

At first the questions seemed bewildering. They reflected such ignorance of fundamentals, such uncritical acceptance of the tripe dished out in the bourgeois press, such distorted views of the nature of the revolution and the texture of Soviet life that any effort on my part to give a credible answer seemed doomed to fail. It was like trying to explain to an incredulous European, whose ideas of America have been formed by lurid and sensational newspapers, that the U.S.A. is not a mad scramble of noise, skyscrapers, gangsters, movie actors, and jazz, that the vast majority of our population live in quiet, little frame houses, that gangsters and movie stars constitute a very minute part of our population, and that scores of millions of Americans have concerns more important than swaying to the rhythm of jazz. The European shakes his head but remains incredulous.

In my two years and three months in the U.S.S.R., I had seen the disappearance of food cards, the rise of the Stakhanov movement, two drastic reductions in prices of consumption goods, the opening of thousands of modern shops, restaurants, cafes, beauty parlors, perfumeries, yes, and dance halls. Where a couple of years before a foreigner in Moscow could be distinguished miles away by his collar, tie, and felt hat—now that distinction has vanished. During my two years in the Soviet Union I saw the Soviet masses excited not only over spies and Trotskyites, but also, and even more, over the conquest of the North Pole and the splendid flights to America, over the new constitution, over the Pushkin and Rustavelli centenaries, over the magnificent victories won by young Soviet musicians at the international meets in Warsaw and Brussels, over the Moscow Art Theater production of *Anna Karenina*, over the magnificent festivals in Moscow of Ukrainian, Uzbek, and Kazak art, over the congress of poets in Minsk, where I heard about a hundred poets recite their verses in sixty different languages before an immense and thrilled audience.

During the last two years I had taken two long trips and several short ones through the Soviet Union—Leningrad, Moscow, Gorki, Kazan, Saratov, Stalingrad, Rostov, Baku, Tiflis, Erivan, Batum, Gagri, Sochi, Kharkov, Yalta, Sevastopol, Odessa, Dnieproges, Dniepropetrovsk, Kiev, Minsk, etc., and I visited dozens of factories and collective and state farms. Never in all my previous trips (seven of them) did I see the country so prosperous, the fields so rich, and the cattle so numerous and fat. Everywhere there was striking evidence of building, beautifying, sprucing up. This is an absolute and indisputable fact, as everyone who has journeyed at least twice within the last three years through the Soviet Union will testify.

In the light of these fresh impressions I brought with me from the U.S.S.R., the questions hurled at me on my arrival seemed quite bewildering. The answer to one question invariably provoked still more questions, and so without end. Every time I had to begin from the beginning, from pre-revolutionary days, tracing the course of the revolution through war and intervention, through civil war and famine, through the first steps at reconstruction in the period of the N.E.P., through the excruciating, exciting, exalted, delirious early days of industrialization and collectivization, through the triumphs of the First and Second Five Year Plans, all the way to the immediate present, with its new tribulations, hardships, and glories.

And as I went into all that, I discovered to my inexpressible dismay that most people, even when their use of such words as revolution, industrialization, collectivization, war, famine, wrecking, freedom, etc., was relatively intelligent, were yet woefully mechanical and unimaginative. I said "espionage," and my auditor echoed "espionage." Yet I was keenly sensible of the fact of not having really communicated what I had wished to communicate. Espionage was a mere word, a combination of consonants and vowels; it represented a vague idea; it was not a personal experience; it evoked no vivid image and stirred no familiar emotion. To vitalize the word, to charge it with communicative value, I had to dig down into my memory, extract from it a store of pictures, episodes, and tales, painstakingly recreate them before the auditor, and urge him to multiply them by many thousands. Only thus did I gain a modicum of assurance that I had at last communicated what I had wished to communicate.

Figures, when it came to a discussion of Soviet achievement, proved even more refractory. People simply failed to react, especially when hundreds of thousands or millions and billions were mentioned; imaginations staggered, distinctions vanished—millions, billions, trillions—it was all the same.

This lack of imaginative response largely accounts for the false criteria, pigmy judgments, and petty fault-finding so often encountered even in sympathetic discussions of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet Union. In the case of out-and-out enemies, as for example most of the scribes in the capitalist and Trotskyist press, the situation is aggravated by prejudice, ignorance, wishful thinking, sensationalism, and deliberate adaptation to the demands of the capitalist employers and readers.

Take this business of "psychoses." There was a time when most Moscow correspondents affirmed that the Soviets suffered from a war psychosis. Those gentlemen could neither discern nor imagine the possibility of the Soviets being attacked. Recent events, particularly the assault on Ethiopia, Spain, and China, the German-Japanese anti-Communist pact, and the maniacal ravings of Hitler and Mussolini, have rendered the old diagnosis a little absurd. Now it is clear even to the least imaginative that rather than a "psychosis," Soviet emphasis on adequate military defense was based on a sound estimate of the dangers inherent in contemporary imperialism's economic and political contradictions.

But the word psychosis, which is a euphemism for "crazy," is an exceedingly convenient word in the correspondent's lexicon, a wonderful means of concealing a dearth of knowledge, imagination, or wit. It is almost as serviceable as "Dostoyevskian," "Russian soul," and "Oriental." It explains away everything one does not understand or wish to understand. The latest application of the word has been in connection with the drastic measures adopted by the Soviets in the matter of spies, wreckers, and diversionists. "RUSSIA GRIPPED BY SPY PSYCHOSIS," screams the headline in the New York *Times,* and the distraught reader envisages one hundred and sixty million people, obsessed by a spy mania, scurrying about looking into closets and under beds, peering through keyholes, digging into garbage piles, ransacking attics, pursuing imaginary, nonexistent spies. The headline has performed its function, especially since most people don't take the trouble to read a newspaper carefully. The inevitable conclusion is that the Russians are crazy.

Yet if one turns to Denny's text, one discovers that

> The Soviet Union's fear of spies is *undoubtedly* justified. ... Germany, Japan, and even Poland are notoriously given to spying. There can be no doubt that they have built up elaborate espionage organizations in Russia and are employing considerable numbers of Russians. We ourselves have only to look back to the World War, when Germany planted spies and saboteurs all over America even before we entered the conflict. In the Far East the Japanese have suitable spy material in White Russian refugees in Manchuria and it is entirely credible that they have smuggled many with forged passports into Siberia, where they can pass easily as Soviet citizens.

Mr. Denny actually admits the "legitimacy" of the Soviet Union's fear of spies. Still he insists that it is a *psychosis,* for "how else account for such appalling numbers of those accused and even executed as spies and traitors in the service of foreign states?" Thus, according to Mr. Denny, the Soviets suffer from a *psychosis,* because, by his calculations, too many spies have been caught and punished. He cannot imagine any other explanation. It never occurs to him that much more reasonable than the "psychosis" theory would be to assume that the Soviet investigating authorities are in an incomparably better position to obtain authentic spy information than is any foreign correspondent, however good and enterprising, stationed in Moscow.

Indeed, judging by my personal experiences in the Soviet Union, I am inclined to think that there are many more spies there than Mr. Denny is willing to imagine. Among my acquaintances in Moscow there were very few Poles, but of those few five were discovered to have been spies. I had still fewer German acquaintances, but of those few two were discovered to have been spies. Almost all of them had gained entry into the Soviet Union as victims of fascist persecution. Two of them had escaped Polish prisons. It afterwards turned out that the arrests and the escapes had been staged in order to make it easier for the spies to win the confidence of the Soviets. In the Soviet Union these spies occupied positions of trust, four of them were taken into the Communist Party in the Soviet Union. I know rather intimately the Polish writer Jasiensky who migrated to the U.S.S.R. in 1929, and who won considerable fame with a book on Central Asia. His Polish wife whom he had brought along turned out to be a spy. He himself was recommended into the Communist Party by a spy. He, in his turn, recommended into the Communist Party two more spies. There was, however, no conclusive evidence that he himself was a spy. He was not arrested; though, naturally, he was expelled from the Communist Party.

Then there was another Pole, Vandursky, whom I had frequently met in the office of *International Literature,* where he worked. He was holier than thou, intransigent, intolerant, uncompromising, always accusing others of lack of devotion to the party line. He never missed a meeting. He was always on time. He worked harder than anybody else. He was a spy.

A. Ajay

Then there was the German, Ernest Ottwalt, a smiling, friendly, cheerful fellow, who wrote weird stories which were published in *International Literature.* After he was arrested, it dawned on people that the stories he wrote reflected a morbid interest in spy psychology. Also, on rereading his autobiography, people suddenly realized that he himself admitted that he had been a labor spy all the way back, when he was only about sixteen or seventeen years old. The autobiography had been published in the Soviet Union, yet nobody had taken the trouble to check up on him.

It is needless to go into details concerning the others. The point is that in a short time and within a very limited circle of acquaintances, I myself, without suspecting it, had come in direct or indirect contact with at least seven spies. What's more, my experience is not unique.

Germany planted spies and saboteurs all over America even before America had entered the war. But there was a vast Atlantic Ocean between the two countries. The Soviet Union has no such barrier. Its borders are extensive; its imperialist neighbors ravenous. Not a day passes without dozens of spies being intercepted at the borders. Yet however careful the watch, it is safe to presume that dozens do manage to get by.

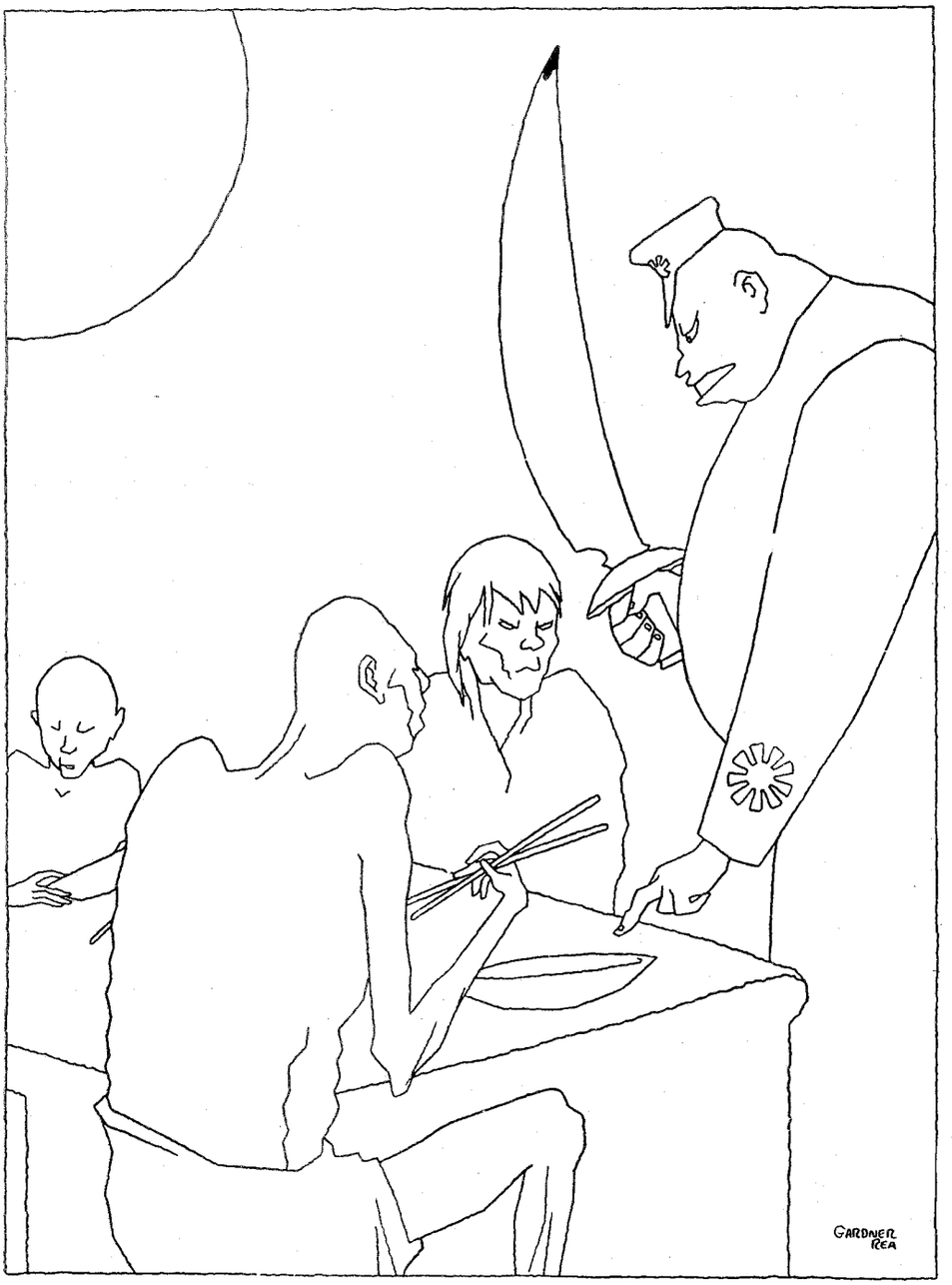
Much has been written about the sinister operations of the Gestapo in every country in the world. For reasons too obvious to dwell on, its operations in the Soviet Union are particularly pernicious and widespread. No efforts are spared to obtain information and organize sabotage and diversions. Whenever possible, of course, "legal" means of obtaining information are used. Thus whenever German specialists go on business to the U.S.S.R., they receive preliminary instructions from the Gestapo concerning the nature of the information they are expected to obtain. On their return they must fill out questionnaires in which they officially submit the material gathered during their stay in the Soviet Union. There is a special bureau, the *Ruckwanderamt,* which concerns itself with the returning specialists as well as those who come to Germany on their vacations. No returning specialist can obtain work in Germany without the approval of the bureau. Thus even honest people are forced into espionage.

All German business with Russia is channelized through "The Russian Committee of German Industry." The head of that committee is a certain Major Tschunke, who, according to *Pravda,* is an old German spy who served in the German army during the occupation of the Ukraine. One can well imagine the nature of that gentleman's work in the "Russian Committee." The favorite hunting grounds of the Gestapo are the various Soviet export organizations, Grain Export, Lumber Export, etc., which have branches in port towns. Recently (September 17), *Pravda* published a whole series of cases illustrating the methods of German espionage in those trading organizations.

Another method of the Gestapo is planting provocateurs in the Communist Party of Germany. After a period of "good" work at home, these provocateurs, "excellently recommended," come to the Soviet Union to continue their "good" work there.

In its endeavor to enlist Soviet citizens to carry on its dirty work, the Gestapo mainly orients itself on those districts in the Soviet Union which are populated by large sections of Germans—the Baltic Germans settled around Leningrad, the German villages in the Ukraine, and, above all, the Volga German Republic. Like all other Soviet nationalities, the Germans have their share of former kulaks, landowners, shop-keepers, Trotskyites, Buk-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Gardner Rea

"Do you realize you're taking that food right out of the cannon's mouth?"

harinites, bourgeois nationalists, etc. Though many of these have been won over to an acceptance of the regime, there are still small numbers of secretly intransigent enemies. Some of them are employed in Soviet institutions and industries. Some are specialists and experts of various sorts. Not feeling any obligation to the Soviet state, these people, whatever their nationality or "politics," haven't any scruples—they generally are the worst bureaucrats, grafters, and nepotists. It is from their midst that the German agents try with varying degrees of success to enlist members and aides for their underground fascist groups connected with the Eastern Section of the Gestapo, and engaged in all kinds of spying, wrecking, and diversionist activities. It is needless to point out that Japanese and Polish and other espionage services in the Soviet Union are quite or almost as active.

Some people seem to be genuinely shocked at the thought that after twenty years of Soviet power there are still counter-revolutionary elements to whom the fascists appeal. The very situation that exists today was clearly foreseen at least six years ago (February 4, 1932) by the Seventeenth Party Congress of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. In its resolution on the Second Five Year Plan, then still in the offing, the Congress declared:

> . . . That an intensification in the class struggle will still be inevitable in the future at certain periods and particularly in certain districts and certain sections of socialist construction, which at the same time emphasizes the fact that bourgeois influences upon individual strata or groups of workers will inevitably remain and in some cases may even grow stronger, that for a long time to come class influences alien to the proletariat will inevitably penetrate the working class and even the party. In view of this the party faces the task of strengthening the proletarian dictatorship and of increasing its struggle against opportunism. . . .

People forget that one hundred and fifty years after the French revolution there are still royalists in France. They also forget that in our own South, the resentments generated by the expropriations of the Civil War can still be felt. In the unfolding of one of the most fundamental, pervasive, thoroughgoing, geographically far-flung upheavals on record, involving scores of nationalities, and many millions of people, twenty years is, historically speaking, an infinitesmal span of time. True, there are already about fifty million youths in the Soviet Union who know only the Soviet system; but on the other hand, there are still one hundred and ten million adults who have brought into the present many psychological vestiges of the past. The overwhelming majority of the latter, the workers, the poor and middle peasants, the intelligentsia, and even many of the former kulaks, are loyal Soviet citizens. There is, however, a small minority of disgruntled ones; those who cannot be reconciled to the loss of their property, whose ambitions were frustrated, whose careers were smashed. These elements will join any opposition and will work hand in hand with any enemy of the Soviet government, whether he calls himself Right or Left, Trotskyite or Bukharinite, fascist or bourgeois democrat. These elements supply the grist for the fascist mill.

The capitalist correspondents frequently sneer at the Soviet practice of hyphenating Trotskyite - Bukharinite - fascist - bourgeois-nationalist. Actually, the hyphens represent a reality. As the recent trials have amply demonstrated, all these trends have become so intertwined, their purposes so indistinguishable, their activities so interrelated, that the only way to describe them is the way it is done in the Soviet press.

These enemies of the Soviet Union speculated on war, hoping to catch fish in the troubled waters. They spied, they wrecked, they sabotaged in a desperate attempt to disrupt industry, undermine confidence, weaken the country, and make it the easy prey of the fascist aggressors. Except for a few minor and isolated successes, they have failed. The German and Japanese and Polish war-mongers have suffered the first major defeat in their secret attack on the Soviet Union. The fascist contingents in the U.S.S.R. have been exposed, and are being exterminated. The job is done efficiently. There is no hysteria—and no "psychosis."

In full reliance on the swift revolutionary justice of their government, the Soviet masses go confidently about their business of living and working and building socialism. They laugh, sing, make love, have children, and kick about inadequate housing. They prepare for the coming elections, study, crowd movie houses, and fill stadiums. They take vacations in the Crimea, bask in the sun, suck Spanish oranges, and glory in the most lavish crop Russia has ever seen or, in the old days, even dared to imagine.

(This is the first of four articles on the Soviet Union by Joshua Kunitz.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Time Works For Us"—Spain, 1937

The ironing out of internal problems, economic and political, while alienating some "leftists" has given the government popular support

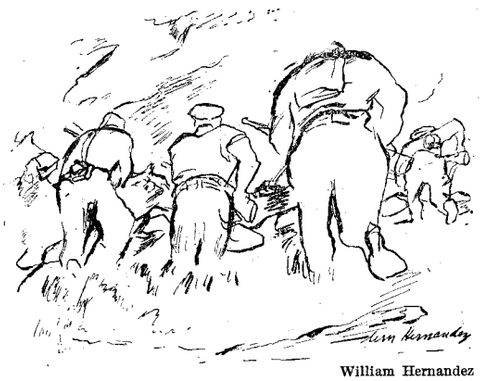
By Joseph P. Lash

TODAY within loyalist Spain there is no longer a tory class capable of challenging the will and aspirations of the masses. What began on July 18, 1936, as a corrupt ruling caste counter-revolution against the republic generated a vast social and economic transformation, precisely of the kind the capitalist class had hoped to stave off by its insurrection. Save for foreign capital, there are no great estates, large industrialists, or bankers today in Spain. The Catholic Church has been divested of its economic and political powers. At the present moment Spain is neither socialist nor capitalist. In the interplay of social groups and under the stresses of the war, it is working out its own destiny which, as is already apparent, will be a democratic one, both economically and politically.

The basic policy of the People's Front government has been to take for granted the social changes precipitated on July 18 and to proceed to its consolidation by winning the war. Has the Negrín government, seeking to achieve this end, compromised any of the essential social gains of the people?

Let us take a simple and recent case in point. In August 1937, the government again allowed Catholics to celebrate mass. No economic or political privileges were restored to the Catholic Church, but freedom of worship was reëstablished. This action was greatly appreciated by religious and democratic opinion outside of Spain. It made more difficult Franco's task of consolidating his own followers by portraying the war as a religious crusade. It helped bolster the fealty of Catholics within loyalist territory. The Anarchist press, nevertheless, attacked it as a counter-revolutionary step and as further proof that the Negrín government, in its efforts to conciliate foreign opinion, was betraying the essential interests of the workers of Spain.

This in a nutshell has been the dilemma that confronted both the Caballero and present governments. If one attempted to conciliate the Anarchists and their allies by condoning their leftist and utopian conceptions, one risked alienating sections of support and paralyzing government decisiveness. On the other hand, to defy the Anarchists meant throwing an important, if decreasing, section of the working class into the tempestuous kind of opposition to which it had been conditioned under the monarchy. Caballero's policy was to temporize with the Anarchists, both because he was afraid of losing their support and also because he could play them off against the Socialist and Communist parties. The present



William Hernandez

government has proceeded resolutely without the Anarchists, in the hope that as life and reality proved its course the wiser one, the pressure of the people would bring the Anarchists back into the government.

In this respect the Negrín government has moved resolutely against forced collectivization and against all efforts to make the peasant the guinea pig of wild social experiments. It believed that rushing the backward Spanish peasant, who was tasting the joys of land possession for the first time, into collectives would inevitably alienate him from the anti-fascist struggle. At the same time it acknowledged by generous bounties to collectives the economic advantage and social wisdom of collective exploitation of the land, and, as a step toward weaning the individualistic peasant away from his habits of thought and cultivation, the ministry of agriculture has embarked upon a vast program of encouragement and aid to farm coöperatives.

The cornerstone of the agrarian policy of the People's Front government lies in the famous October 7 decree issued by Minister of Agriculture Uribe, in which it was declared: "It is agreed to expropriate on behalf of the state, without compensation, all rural properties, whatever their extent, belonging on the eighteenth of July, 1936, to persons who have taken a direct or indirect part in the rebellion against the republic." Where such land had been exploited by the treasonous owner himself or through his agents, it was given to the agricultural workers' organizations who appointed peasants to cultivate it. Exploitation of this land might be collective or individual, depending upon the wish of the majority of the peasants appointed. Where the expropriated land had been cultivated by the peasant as a tenant, he was given the use of the land in perpetuity for himself and his heirs. His share, however, could not exceed thirty hectares of unirrigated or five hectares of irrigated land (a hectare is 2.47 acres).

In nine provinces for which statistics are available, 3,316,306 hectares of the total profitable area of 12,478,126 hectares was thus expropriated and turned over to the peasant. This represented practically all the holdings of a hundred hectares or over in those provinces. Simultaneous with this revolution in the land economy of Spain, the government embarked upon a systematic program of state assistance to collectives, coöperatives, and individual cultivators in the form of credits, agricultural machinery, and education.

Nominally everyone in Spain is opposed to forced collectivization. The difference between the Caballero and Negrín governments is that the latter proceeded to dissolve the Council of Aragon, the worst offender with respect to forced collectivization. The province of Aragon, which is adjacent to Catalonia and is an area of widespread small peasant holdings, became after July 1936 virtually an anarchist fief, where some fantastic experiments in "libertarian communism" were tried. Money was abolished as a bourgeois heritage—that is, the traditional peseta notes issued by the Bank of Spain, which had come to be endowed by long usage with mystical potency for the peasant, were called in by the local committees. When some medium of exchange was discovered still to be necessary, paper slips called "gradums" were issued. Members of collectives were required to deposit the fruit of their toil in the common pot, and the new *cacique,* the Anarchist boss and his committee, decided on the disposition of the products. In the middle of the civil war, with Madrid on iron rations, the Council of Aragon boasted that its slogan was not "to each according to his work," but "to each according to his needs." By the end of a year's experimentation of this kind, thousands of Aragon peasants had become so violently hostile that they migrated from the province.

Over the violent protests of the national committee of the C.N.T. (the Anarchist trade unions), the government dissolved the council last August, placed some of its members in jail, transferred the Anarchist troops to another front, brought in the hardened veterans of the Madrid front, and undertook the Belchite drive.

There has been greater continuity in the agrarian policy of the country than in other ministries, because Uribe, a Communist, has been minister of agriculture from the time that Caballero originally formed his cabinet. One

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visible effect of the success of the agrarian policy was the fact that over 50 percent of the volunteers for the armed militias were peasants. The bumper harvest of the past summer has again vindicated this policy. Where the peasant felt he was getting a square deal from the government, he was prepared to go out under the enemy's guns to bring in the wheat or olives.

The loyalty of the peasant has been a decisive factor in the government's favor. Only those who underestimate the strength of Franco's army can deprecate the importance of this factor. When the government decreed compulsory mobilization as an answer to the Italian divisions pouring into Spain, it was confronted with a major problem of morale and discipline. Even the volunteer militias had been penetrated by fascist elements. With compulsory mobilization, not only were antifascists called to the colors, but many who had voted fascist in the 1936 elections. The government policy had to be one that would make all these groups part of the army not merely in physical presence but in heart and soul. Peasant lads formed a major part of the recruits. An incorrect agrarian policy would have reacted disastrously not only upon the rear guard but upon the army. Yet this was the price that Anarchist participation in the government would have exacted.

The Council of Aragon dramatized another difficulty faced by the central government and now overcome—the tendency toward geographical atomization. Regional patriotism has always been powerful in Spain. Basques, Catalans, Galicians, Castilians, Aragonese—each was contemptuous of the other. These separatist tendencies received a powerful impetus from the weakening of central state power that inevitably accompanied the outbreak of the insurrection. Nor have the Anarchists and other "leftists" hesitated to use the separatist tendencies to combat the People's Front government. The Council of Aragon, when its dissolution was under consideration, issued a flamboyant statement: We want nothing, we give nothing; we ask only to be let alone to build the revolution in Aragon. Such an attitude defeated all efforts of the government to coördinate the nation's production and consumption. It delayed the construction of adequate fortifications on the Aragon front. It hampered the reorganization of the militias on this front into a regular army. Indeed, until the dissolution decree and the government's offensive at Belchite, Aragon was the Achilles heel of the republic.

In the realm of industry, the conflict between the Anarchist movement and the Socialist and Communist parties is not one of collectivization versus the private ownership of industry. No proposals have been made by the Negrín government to turn industry back to its former owners. In the case of foreign holdings, everyone is agreed—Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, and Caballero—that it would be unwise to expropriate foreign capital. The conflict is primarily one of how to administer industry most efficiently. In its effort to create an abundant and continuous supply of war materials and in general to adjust industry to the needs of the war, the government has been hampered by the opposition of the Anarchists to centralization and by a widespread attitude, especially in Catalonia, of: We've made our revolution; let's enjoy the good life.

In Barcelona, the C.N.T. took over the taxicab industry in the course of suppressing the fascists. While the army lacked transport facilities and gasoline, and the government was having insuperable difficulties assuring a supply of transport fuel, hundreds of C.N.T. taxis cruised the streets of Barcelona. Because of the resistance of the C.N.T., the government was unable to correct this scandalous state of affairs until last August. But this is only a minor, if representative, phase of the problem.

It is unquestionably true that had the workers not taken over control of industry the morning after the insurrection, there would have been complete economic paralysis. But the improved schemes of workers' control of industry have not worked out very well. In his speech of self-vindication in June, the Anarchist minister of industry in the Caballero cabinet, Juan Peiro, complained that in many instances workers' control had translated itself into an interference with management. Where industry had been expropriated and collectivized, he declared, workers' control, instead of serving the economy of that industry, saw it "collapse almost vertically." Because of the lack of planning and coördination, highly competent technicians were working in small establishments while big factories were paralyzed for want of just such expert assistance. Some industries were closing down for lack of materials, and other industries had a surplus of these very materials. Syndicalist emphasis upon equalization of salaries was acting as a brake upon production. Nor were salaries adjusted to war needs. A metal worker specializing in a war industry earned 30 percent less than a bricklayer who, even though he did not work every day, received his salary for the week just the same. The workers' committees appointed by the trade unions to control industry tended to think in the provincial terms of advantages for their own establishment and themselves rather than in the impersonal terms of an economy planned and coördinated to war needs. Peiro revealed that in the month of January 1937 more than

Spanish Refugees

Painting by Moses Soyer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eleven thousand petitions had arrived at his ministry asking for financial assistance, although in most cases these industries had originally been solvent.

To introduce some coördination into industry, to orientate it to the war, to utilize the resources that remained, the Socialist and Communist parties have proposed the nationalization of all war industries and the creation of a general economic council with supreme command over planning and coördination. Just as the elimination of the local armed patrols and the substitution of a single centralized police force (now approved even by the Anarchists) reëstablished public order within loyalist territory, so these measures, it is argued, would restore order to industry.

The Anarchists nominally agree on the need of planning, but disagree on the extent of government intervention. Thus, Peiro declared, "I was prepared to nationalize the electric industry in the only way compatible with my principles—leave its administration and direction in the hands of the trade unions and not in the hands of the state. The state has only the right to act as accountant and inspector over what is, after all, a national patrimony." Similarly, in the matter of foreign trade and commerce, the C.N.T. is agreed that the government should have a monopoly of foreign trade, but interprets this to mean merely that the government should "fiscalize" the execution and management of foreign trade, which would remain in the hands of the unions. Had the unions, however, shown a capacity to direct and manage industry, the question of further government intervention would never have arisen. Under the proposals of the Socialist and Communist parties, the workers' committees would have as their basic tasks the protection of working conditions and the stimulation of production. Quietly the Negrín government had been moving in this direction. There is a sub-secretary of the war industry under Prieto, the minister of war, who has already placed a number of factories on an efficient three-shift basis. On August 28 the minister of finance and economy published a decree giving the government the right to intervene or take over any mining or metallurgical establishment. Government engineers have appeared in establishments affected by this decree, preparatory to their being adjusted to army and war needs. The August decrees fixing the prices at which basic commodities could be sold, decrees involving a conflict with the trade unions that are acting as wholesalers, are evidence of the firm stand the Negrín government is taking to gear the economy of the nation to the needs of the war and the interests of the people.

One can understand in all this the consistent opposition of the Anarchists in the light of their syndicalist and anti-state views. For a while the C.N.T. opposed the Negrín government by advocacy of an alternative government to consist of the C.N.T. and U.G.T. and to exclude the political parties. In the past few weeks, however, the C.N.T. has changed its position and now asks to be admitted into the present government. Actually the Anarchists have been in an unenviable position and have been steadily losing prestige and strength. Originally they opposed the creation of a regular popular army; today they support that army. They opposed the liquidation of the self-constituted armed patrols; today they recognize the wisdom of a centralized police force. Once they opposed the unified command; now they pose as its most ardent advocates. They wanted a defiant, intransigent attitude toward England and France for their failure to aid loyalist Spain; now they support the foreign policy of the Negrín government. They fought the agrarian policy that has strengthened the alliance of the peasants with the working class. Having been so consistently wrong, the Anarchist movement now is in no position to dictate terms to the People's Front government.

It is pointless to say that the Anarchists have been excluded from the government because of Communist desire to establish a one-party hegemony over loyalist Spain. The Negrín government was confronted last May with the alternative of accepting the Anarchist ultimatum and thereby a policy that would blunt its effectiveness, or of permitting the Anarchists to sulk and hoping that the wisdom of its policies would bring them to a more sensible attitude. It is not premature to say that the latter has proven correct. Similarly, those who explain the growth of the Socialist and Communist parties and their approaching unification by bogy-man tales of maneuvering, terrorism, and opportunism should study the course of the war and discover that they were the original proponents of those slogans which are today the common slogans of the people. The strength of the Socialist and Communist parties lies in their realization that the first task in the consolidation of the popular revolution was the winning of the war.

A year ago, if one had investigated the reasons for the superb confidence of loyalist Spain in its ultimate victory, one could scarcely have listed more than the indomitable united determination of the vast majority of the people not to be enslaved and the presence of alert Socialist and Communist parties to give realistic leadership in mobilizing the resources of the Spanish republic toward this end. The dominant impression that one carries away from Spain today is that the sober optimism of the Spanish people now rests not only upon their will to be free men, but upon more solid foundations. They have a popular army capable of executing intricate maneuvers, as in the Brunete and Belchite offensives. They have liquidated the weakly fortified and uncoördinated fronts. The authority of the central People's Front government has been established. The government, whose mainstay has been the working class, has the firm allegiance of the peasantry on the one hand and large middle-class groups on the other. The industrial economy of Spain is being rehabilitated. Caballero's slogan, "Time works for us," is proving correct without benefit of Caballero.

★ ★ ★

Two Poems

I

If I could live at the pitch that is near madness
When everything is as it was in my childhood
Violent, vivid, and of infinite possibility
That the sun and the moon broke over my head.

Then I cast time out of the trees and fields,
Then I stood immaculate in the Ego;
Then I eyed the world with all delight,
Reality was the perfection of my sight.

And time has big handles on the hands,
Fields and trees a way of being themselves.
I saw battalions of the race of mankind
Standing stolid, demanding a moral answer.

I gave the moral answer, and I died
And into a world of complexity came
Where nothing is possible but necessity
And the truth wailing there like a red babe.

II

Now is the air made of chiming balls.
The stormcloud, wizened, has rolled its rind away.
Now is the eye with hill and valley laved
And the seeds, assuaged, peep from the nested spray.
The bluebird drops from a bough. The speckled meadow-lark
Springs in his lithe array. Fresh air
Blesses the vanished tear; the bunched anguish.
The laughing balls their joyful pleasure tear.
Renewed in the whole world and the sun
Begins to dress with warmth again every thing.
The lettuce in pale burn; the burdock tightening;
And naked necks of craning fledglings.

RICHARD EBERHART.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Legend of John Reed

The fiftieth anniversary of his birth finds an intenser light being shed on the reality that underlay the symbol

By Granville Hicks

THE legend of John Reed, as it was handed on to members of the John Reed Clubs in the early thirties, was singularly sparing of details. Reed had gone to Harvard; he had been a Greenwich Village playboy; he had been a friend of Pancho Villa; he had been in Russia during the revolution and had written *Ten Days That Shook the World;* he had become a Communist, died in Moscow, and been buried beside the Kremlin.

That was all most of us knew, and in a sense all we needed to know. John Reed, long before 1930, was a symbol, and symbols do not need to be scrutinized too carefully. We—poets, novelists, critics, artists—felt the significance of the transformation of a man of letters into a man of revolutionary action. The exact steps by which the transformation had taken place did not seem to matter.

It is easy to see how Reed became a symbol. The warmth of his personality, his impulsiveness, his courage, the independence of his thought, and the freedom of his actions made an impression on his contemporaries that time could not wipe out. Talking with some two hundred persons who had known Reed, I realized how firm an impact he had made, even on the few acquaintances who disliked him and the many who disagreed with his ideas. It was inevitable that those who did share his beliefs should cherish the memory of their comrade. In the revolutionary movement, which has not always had time for thoughts of the past, John Reed's name lived.

Thus the memory of John Reed was affectionately passed on to a younger generation, whose imaginations were roused not only by the drama of his life but also, as Joseph Freeman has pointed out, by the tragedy of his death. Particularly for those Communists who came from the middle class he was the perfect symbol. He had broken the bonds of bourgeois convention and found his place in the final conflict. That it was quite literally and immediately final for him added to the glory of the legend.

Three or four years ago I began an attempt to find out what lay behind the symbol, and I discovered that Reed's life was more abundantly documented than might have been supposed. Not only had he written prolifically at every stage of his life from his sixteenth year on, not only had scores of friends preserved impressions and stories and letters, Reed himself had saved a great mass of notes, manuscripts, letters, clippings, and photographs. This restless wanderer, whose goings and comings had at first seemed so elusive, had, in one way or another, left an almost day-by-day record.

From this record, which John Stuart and I compiled, I learned that the legend was fully justified. Indeed, as Max Lerner wrote, it was no legend, but sober fact. Of course, one version of the legend was false—the version attributed to Communists by their enemies—but the "Soviet saint" was nothing but a product of the imaginations of Julian Street and other slanderers. The revolutionary movement never denied that Reed had been a playboy. Rather, it cherished the tales of college exploits and Greenwich Village pranks. But it insisted that, without losing his spontaneity and charm, he became a serious revolutionary. When his own eyes showed him the truth about capitalist civilization and the hope of the future, he acted, courageously and effectively.

John Reed became a symbol because his life, the life he actually lived during his thirty-three years, was genuinely symbolic. This boy, born in one of Portland's proud houses fifty years ago, became, in Emerson's sense of the phrase, a representative man. The legend that grew up about him may have been meager, but it was not false. Not only the few facts known to admirers, but scores of apparently trivial details, were significant. Reed touched American life at many points, and every contact had its meaning for the student of America.

Dan Rico

Spanish Volunteer

It was right, for example, that he should be the grandson of a pioneer, one of Oregon's first businessmen. It was right, too, that he should be the son of a Rooseveltian reformer, a businessman and wit who fought for good government side by side with Francis Heney and Lincoln Steffens. And it seems appropriate that his generation at Harvard should be one of the most brilliant in the college's history, so that he had as friends, in college and afterwards, such men as Robert Hallowell, Lee Simonson, Heywood Broun, Walter Lippmann, Robert Edmond Jones, Waldo Peirce, and a good many others whose names are famous today.

Either good fortune or good judgment brought Reed in touch from the first with whatever was vital in American life. He lived, for instance, in Greenwich Village when it was the center of an effective and necessary revolt against bourgeois standards in art and morals. He was a poet, albeit a minor one, at a time when poetry was coming to life in America. He was a dramatist and, though his own plays were not first-rate, his faith in the drama helped to create the Provincetown Players.

Everyone who has written about the years just before the war has commented upon the vigor of the arts. Good work was done, but even more striking was the widespread feeling of great new possibilities, of a renaissance almost at hand. This upsurge in the arts was linked with a growing sense of the need for social change. The mingling of authors and labor leaders at Mabel Dodge's salon was not merely the result of the hostess's cleverness; literature and labor were feeling their way toward each other.

Of course John Reed went to Mabel Dodge's evenings at 23 Fifth Avenue, and naturally he contributed to the MASSES when it was reorganized under Max Eastman's editorship. He was already a symbol, a symbol of impetuous, rebellious, happy, generous youth. He was symbolic of this American upsurge, and he was to become symbolic of much more. That, when one thinks of what happened to most of Mabel Dodge's guests and to many of the MASSES contributors, is what makes his story memorable. He was completely part of his times, and yet he transcended the limitations of his era and made himself one with the future.

His course was by no means straight; he traveled his own route, at his own pace, but he arrived at his destination, which is more than can be said of many of his contemporaries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

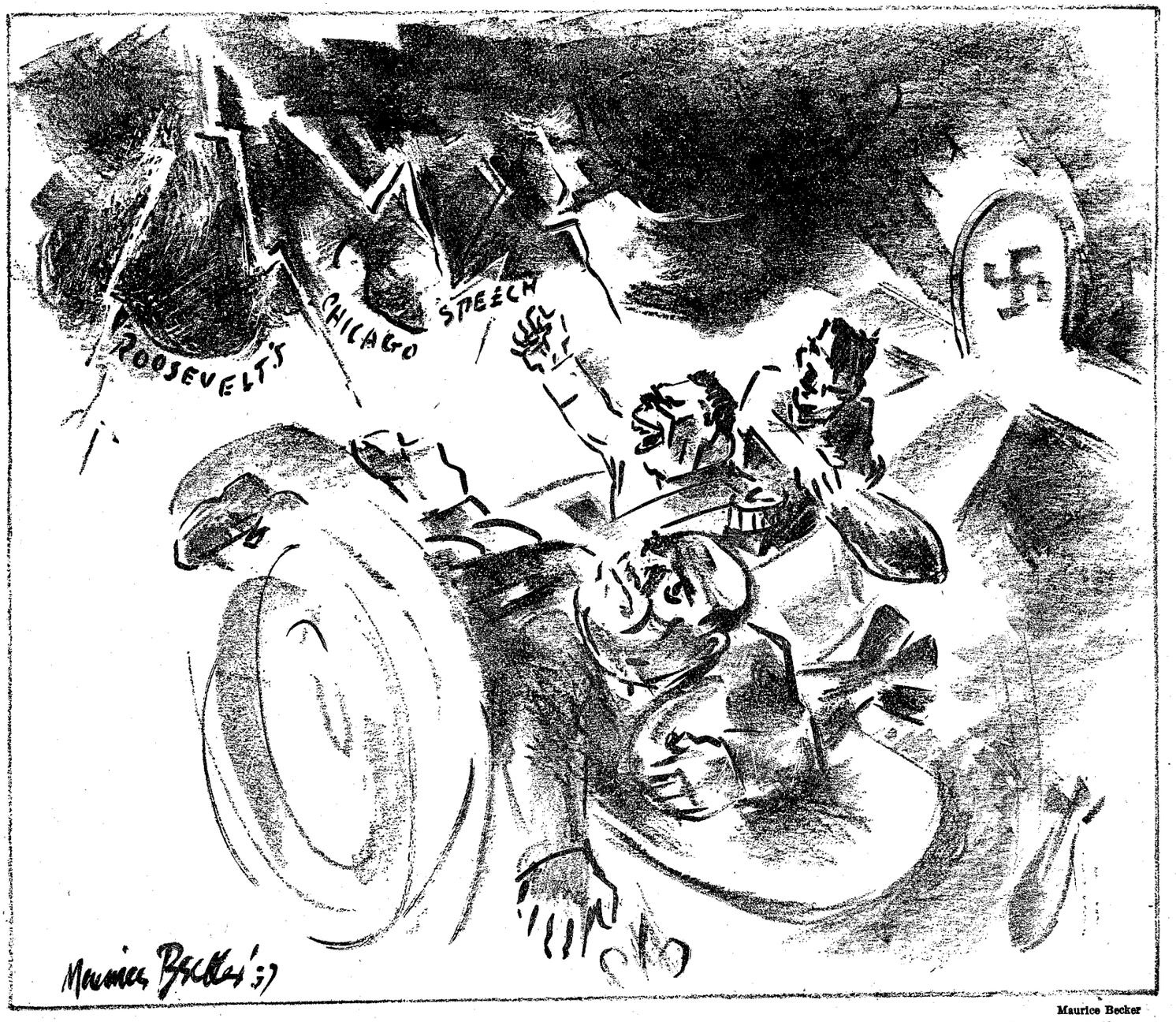
And whatever he did seems to have some significance for us. We, who talk so much about literature and labor, cannot forget that his first contact with labor struggles resulted in a great creative effort, the Paterson pageant. His affection for Mexico and his zeal for the liberty of its people are echoed in many hearts today. The courage with which he fought against American participation in the World War can still hearten us as, twenty years later, we brace ourselves for a struggle against the war-makers.

It was Petrograd in the October days that set Reed clearly on his course. We cannot exaggerate the importance to him of actually seeing the revolution, but we must not forget what he saw with. He was not only a first-rate journalist; he was a man with a knowledge of the working class and its battles, with a profound hatred of war and a deep insight into the evils of capitalism. The apparent paralysis of the radical movement in the face of war had disillusioned him, but when he saw the proletariat in action, he understood and rejoiced.

We do well to observe how Reed conceived his role in the revolutionary movement. Thinking of himself as a poet and reporter, and dreaming to the end of the books he wanted to write, he had not the least desire to devote himself exclusively to agitation. But he was too astute not to realize that he could render a particular service and therefore had a special responsibility. As a famous journalist and an eye-witness of the revolution, he could speak to the American people in a way that radical labor leaders could not. He accepted his responsibility, and when it led, as inevitably it did, to more and more direct participation in the revolutionary movement, he did not flinch. He would have been glad if he could have performed his revolutionary duties through his poetry and his reporting, but he did the job that the moment demanded of him.

Karl Marx predicted that a certain number of bourgeois intellectuals would desert their own class and go over to the proletariat. History has proved him right. But still we do not understand why it is that certain intellectuals see the necessity for revolution and others do not. Lincoln Steffens said that Reed became a revolutionary because he was a poet, and I think he was right. Marx expected the recruits to be "those who have raised themselves to the level of comprehending theoretically the historical movement as a whole." Reed was little interested in theory, though he tried to be. But there is also the insight that comes from experience, the intense experience of the poet. That kind of insight Reed had, and, more than any other quality, it explains his career.

We make no mistake in holding to our conception of John Reed as the poet who became a



Maurice Becker

"The ideals of right as conceived by western peoples is incompatible with those of the Orient."—Japanese Foreign Office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revolutionary, for no other interpretation of his life is tenable. Since my biography of Reed appeared, Mabel Dodge Luhan, in her *Movers and Shakers,* has offered her interpretation. According to her, John Reed's life had one center—Mabel Dodge. It began when she met and ended when she left him. She not only had the idea of the Paterson pageant; she made it possible by "pouring all the power in the universe through myself into him." After the pageant they went to Italy together and became lovers. That thereafter she did for a time occupy Reed's attention is clear enough, but, as she laments, he still read the newspapers. He read the papers and worked on the MASSES, and eventually he left her. She got him back, but he went to Mexico, with Mabel following him to the border. He returned, but left, and left again. In Paris, during the first months of the war, he fell in love with another woman. After his return, he and Mrs. Dodge were reconciled, but they soon separated—for good.

It is from this point on that Mrs. Dodge's distinctive interpretation takes shape. I doubt if it is true that, as she says, Reed constantly begged her to take him back, and I am certain that he did not marry Louise Bryant because he couldn't have Mabel. So much, however, can be forgiven injured vanity. But when she says that Reed went to Russia because it was "a chance to lose himself in a great upheaval," implying that it was frustrated love of her that made him a revolutionary, I cannot smile, for I find myself gagging a little.

Max Eastman, who, like Mrs. Luhan, refused to give me assistance when I was writing the biography, has also put forth an interpretation of Reed, and his is almost as egotistical as hers. He writes: "The simple fact is, and it is obvious from the documents, that Reed learned from me that there *is* such a thing—in the sense given to the term by the *Communist Manifesto*—as a revolutionary. He learned from me about the theory and tactic of class struggle." A conversation he had with Reed about the McNamara case was, he says, "the most angular moment in the process of John Reed's awakening to the revolutionary class struggle, a process in which it would be foolish to pretend I did not play a major part."

No one who feels, as I do, that Mr. Eastman is now badly in need of full credit for whatever good deeds he has done would want to deny that, in 1912 and 1913, when he met Reed, he was more advanced in knowledge of Marxist theory and had a healthy influence upon Reed. On the other hand, it is obvious t anyone who will study the facts that Reed became a revolutionary by a long process in which many persons had a share and in which events probably counted for more than persons. It is noteworthy that Reed's autobiographical essay, "Almost Thirty," speaks of Steffens, Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and others, but not of Eastman.

Having insisted that he made Reed a revolutionary, Eastman, being the sort of person he is, has to insist that he was a revolutionary of the Max Eastman 1937 model. To satisfy him, Reed must be more Trotskyist than Trotsky and repudiate the Third International at a time when Trotsky claimed to be its ardent supporter. Out of one of many of Louise Bryant's wild stories, bolstered by the assertions of persons who are grinding the same ax as Mr. Eastman himself, he paints the picture that suits his fancy. Reed, in the summer of 1920, was "shocked," "absolutely disgusted," "in a state of miserable revolt and inner wrath and turmoil." Finally the honest American told the dirty Russians what he thought of them. ("It was more like a war between Russia and America, as I heard about it," says Mr. Eastman, "than a 'disagreement about dual unionism.' ") And then he died.

Mr. Eastman's attempt to recreate John Reed in his own image fails as completely as his attempt to feed his egotism by representing Reed as his disciple in the revolutionary movement. Mr. Eastman ought to read the articles that he himself published in the *Liberator,* the report on the second congress of the Communist International that Reed wrote for the *Communist,* and the official records of the speeches at the congress and at Baku. It is impossible, by any kind of juggling, to square Mr. Eastman's conception of Reed's last months with what, during those months, Reed said and wrote.

Mrs. Luhan's interpretation of Reed is motivated simply by vanity; Mr. Eastman's has vanity for one of its motives and for another his desire to capture Reed's memory for his own counter-revolutionary purposes. But Reed belongs to us. He belongs in a special sense to Communists, but also, as one non-Communist review of the biography pointed out, to all those who believe in a better social order. We know that, as the struggle intensifies, many will join us who now stand aloof. And for these, as for us, Reed is and will be a symbol.

It is in the nature of symbols to change a little with time, and, as I have tried to point out, Reed's life, because it was so rich and varied, lends itself to new emphasis. It might be well if, in this, the fiftieth year since his birth, we paid some attention to his attitudes toward the revolutionary movement. We might observe, for example, his utter contempt for prima donnas. Though he had a great capacity for self-dramatization, and relished those events that gave him the spotlight, it was impossible for him to place personal vanity above the revolution. In the left wing of the Socialist Party and in the Communist Labor Party his chief concern was to be useful, and he was as willing to do the Jimmy Higgins jobs as he was to take the star role in public. He would have scorned the sort of person who, if he is not glorified above all others and his tiniest whims catered to, discovers that the Communist Party is corrupt and Stalin an unspeakable villain. Reed's integrity was so completely beyond question that he never confused it with arrogance.

He was equally contemptuous of hair-splitting. Though his nature and training made him impatient of theory, he did make the intellectual effort necessary to master Marxism. He knew the importance of correctness and clarity in theoretical arguments. But he had a remarkable feeling for character, and he knew when a pretended concern for "correctness" masked cowardice or hostility. There were, even in his day, "super-Marxists" who emerged from their armchairs only when they saw a chance to obstruct revolutionary action, and he knew how to deal with them.

Toward persons who sincerely differed from him he could feel respect and even friendliness, the while he attacked their views with relentless vigor. But he had no use for the petty snipers, the persons who thrive on fault-finding. He saw weaknesses in the revolutionary movement, and he was glad to coöperate with anyone who would try to eliminate them, but he hated those whose interest in the faults was simply to justify their vanity and inactivity.

The significance of John Reed is far from being exhausted. As the revolutionary movement sends deeper and deeper roots into the American soil, it will find more and more in his life that is worth considering. I do not think John Reed would have liked to be a legend; he was too much alive for that. But, if he was to be remembered, he would have wanted to be thought of exactly as he was. It is our good fortune that, as he really was, he has more meaning for us than any concocted legend could possibly have.

Peninsula

Now morning moves across
The lush, reclining bay
Upon whose crescents toss
The mirrors of the day,

The temple, the hotel,
The cold and empty inn,
The legendary well,
The erotic mandolin,

Breakfast among the plants
And the bad news from Spain
And the black clouds from France
Pluming the distant plain

And the ten thousand minds
And twenty thousand eyes
That see the laughing skies
Through the delighted blinds

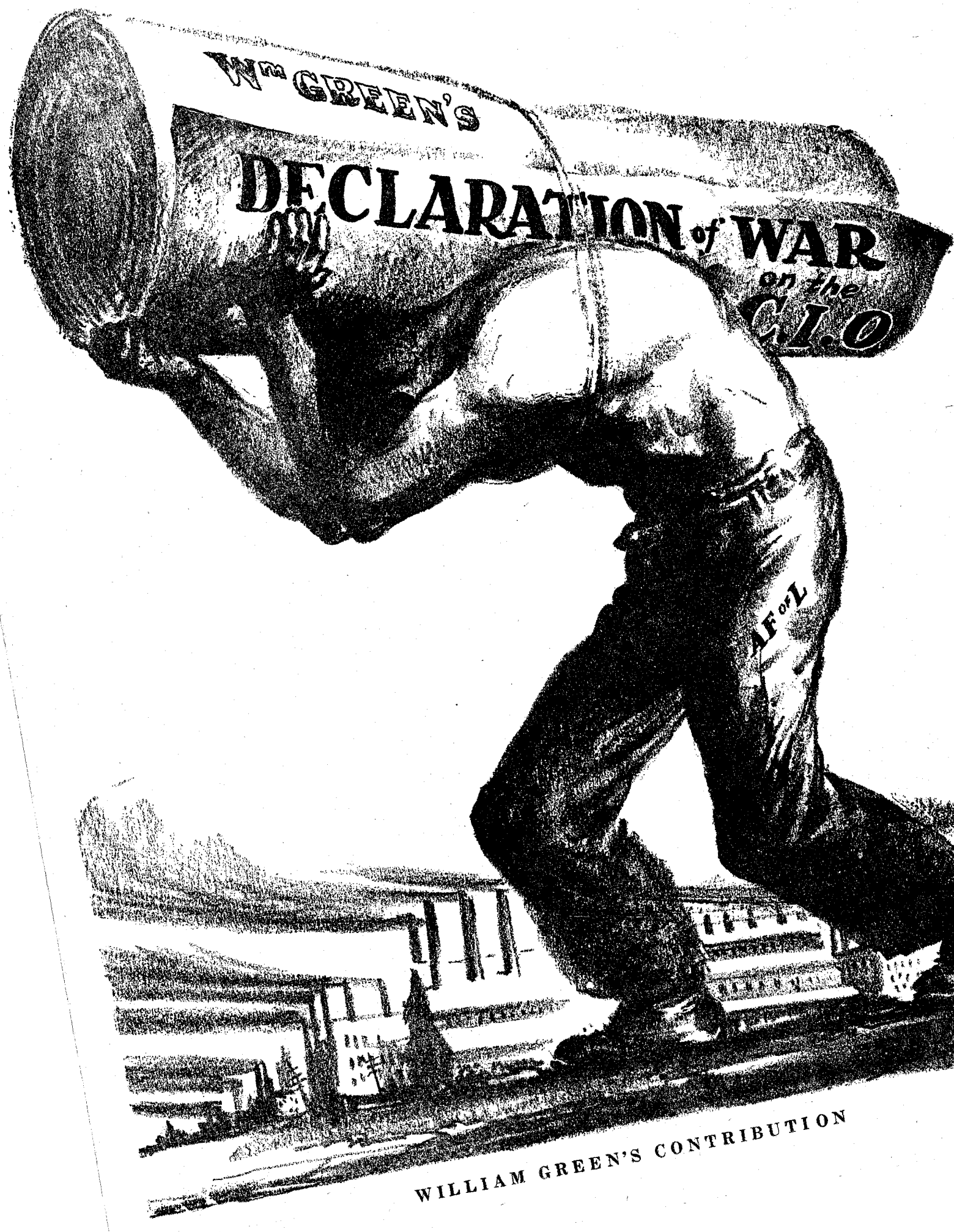
And do not quite recall
The warning in the dark,
The wanderer in the park,
The awaiting waterfall,

But with each loving ear
Listen, and hear
The bird, the fruit, the tree
Singing, the singing shell,
the singing sea!

FREDERIC PROKOSCH.

★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fred Ellis

WILLIAM GREEN'S CONTRIBUTION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

Editor
HERMAN MICHELSON

Managing Editor
ALEXANDER TAYLOR

Associate Editors
THEODORE DRAPER
JOSHUA KUNITZ
CROCKETT JOHNSON
WILLIAM B. SMITH

Contributing Editors
ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, GRANVILLE HICKS, LOREN MILLER, BRUCE MINTON, WALTER RALSTON, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER

★

Detroit and New York

BOTH the Detroit primary and the New York registration, held during the past week, were encouraging good omens for the farmer-labor movement as a whole. The fortunes of LaGuardia in New York and O'Brien in Detroit are largely in the hands of the local farmer-labor and progressive movements. LaGuardia has been endorsed for reëlection by the A. F. of L. as well as the C.I.O., though defections are beginning to appear among the local A. F. of L. chieftains. In Detroit, besides O'Brien, six candidates for the Common Council are labor's own from the fighting ranks of the United Auto Workers' Union.

A feature of both campaigns was the unprecedented registration figures. A small registration has always been considered a boon to Tammany Hall in New York. The theory is that the machine vote fluctuates much less than the independent vote. A large registration is taken to mean a large, independent, progressive vote. The Detroit voters not only gave O'Brien just short of 100,000 primary votes, but they nominated all six labor candidates for the Common Council. Maurice Sugar came in seventh in a field of eighteen to lead the labor candidates. At least two are practically sure of election when nine of the eighteen are chosen at the regular election.

With the New York campaign past the registration marker, it is clear that Tammany is prepared to put up the dirtiest fight in its dirty history to save itself from oblivion. Insiders know that a tremendous slush fund has been raised to keep the office of district attorney in the tiger's grasp, and the vote-buying orgy may equal that of the Boss Tweed era. A crude effort to throw the onus of wage-cuts for city employees (to balance a budget deliberately brought out of line by the Tammany-controlled Board of Aldermen) upon Mayor LaGuardia was brought to light registration week. If the New York and Detroit voters do as well at the elections as present signs give reason to hope, victory is within the grasp of the progressive candidates.

Frank Merriwell, Inc.

THE need for applying the Marxist analysis to the World Series was obviated by the fact that the proceedings were so one-sided and dull that even the most insane of the spectators found themselves reduced to a state of unconsciousness. Col. Jake Ruppert's New York Yankees knocked what is known as the everlasting be-Jesus out of Mr. Horace Stoneham's New York Giants in four out of five games, and even the radio announcers had difficulty in keeping the yawns out of their voices.

It was undoubtedly true that millions of good American burghers glued their ears to the loud-speaker or stood patiently before electric score-boards or simple inning-by-inning accounts of the game marked up in store windows, but we are by no means certain that this proves that baseball or any other sport is the opium of the people. The town most given to maniacal gestures over the national pastime in recent years has been Detroit, but it has also turned out to be the most active in such non-sporting matters as the C.I.O. fight. We recall with something less than pleasure the remarks of a great thinker, at the time the Spanish people were giving Alfonso the bum's rush, that the populace seemed little concerned in the matter, much preferring their Sunday bull fights. It has been proved with some vehemence since that the adherents of the Spanish republic could occupy themselves with matters of great importance.

The ability of the baseball magnates to palm off their business as a sporting proposition actuated by the highest ideals has been extremely successful, but that should mislead nobody with a mentality beyond the age of eight. The contractual arrangement whereby a player is at the mercy of the club and cannot play at all in organized baseball unless he is willing to take what is given him by the owner is doubtless the envy of every tory employer in the country. The rewards are greater than in the usual order of peonage, but it is slavery nonetheless. A Paul Dean who pitches his arm out winning a pennant is unceremoniously thrown out on the dump heap. His brother, the great Dizzy, is faced with a similar fate. Schoolboy Rowe has already suffered it. And these are the big-money players; the small fry, the run-of-nine gentlemen get a scant three or four years in the big leagues at a time of their lives when they could be getting a start in another line and then are junked at the first sign of ineffectiveness. As for the Negro ball players, many of them of big-league rank, organized baseball has no place for them.

We have no intention of becoming maudlin over the ball players, because there are larger fish to fry; but it can't be too often repeated that the romance of baseball is just one additional American myth which is slowly dying. Big business can't hide its face even when it appears in the guise of Frank Merriwell.

Discretion in California

THE California State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles has ordered Robert J. Fitzgerald, new secretary of the Marine Firemen's Union, to drop his union job or go back to San Quentin for two years. Fitzgerald is one of the Modesto frame-up victims and his parole officer, Charles C. Coxe, explained that the "general rule of discretion" applied in this case—that being a union official constituted a parole violation.

Roosevelt vs. Isolationism

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S "quarantine" speech in Chicago was a major pronouncement of administration policy. It is a historic statement of the first rank, even when viewed in the long perspective of United States policy since we emerged as a major world power. On all sides, it is acknowledged that the speech directed American foreign policy away from isolation toward some form of collective security.

Once more the President's initiative has forced a division of the country into progressive and reactionary blocs. As always, there are some defections on both sides, but, by and large, liberal opinion has hastened to support the President while the tory alliance, which successfully gutted the President's Court plan, is again mobilizing for action in favor of the fascist aggressors.

The speech was perfectly timed to get the maximum international effect and attention. The Far Eastern Advisory Committee of the League of Nations was in session in Geneva. Very significantly, the text of the speech was available to that committee six hours before delivery and just before voting time on its resolution against Japan. It has been reported that the British members of the committee threw their support behind a strong resolution calling for support to China, though previously they had balked at anything stronger than moral condemnation of Japan. The speech was also immediately cabled to every American diplomat abroad for information and guidance.

From the fascists of Germany, Italy, and Japan, came blustering defiance and thinly-veiled threats. From France came moral support and from Prime Minister Chamberlain of Great Britain came the kind of assent which time alone can prove serious and sincere. From the Soviet Union came a deeply-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

felt agreement with the general position combined with a waiting attitude toward the concrete working-out of that position. But no nation misunderstood the import of the speech. In unmistakable terms, the President pointed an accusing finger at the fascist powers and laid upon them the responsibility for bringing havoc and horror to peaceful peoples and civilian populations. He upheld the principle of the "indivisibility of peace." He called for "collective security" as the only means whereby the security of the peace-loving nations could be safeguarded. And in a characteristically vivid phrase, he condemned war as an infection which would spread unless "quarantined."

A great step has been taken in the right direction. This step is entirely in line with the policy laid down in 1932 by former Secretary of State Stimson that this country would never recognize the territorial gains of an aggression. The isolationists have suddenly been placed on the defensive. Collective action on an international scale has been greatly advanced. A consultative meeting of the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty and other interested powers, including the Soviet Union (not a signatory of that treaty), seems assured.

But the fact remains that the fight on this, as on so many other Rooseveltian issues, has just begun. It would be a mistake to assume that the President's speech has definitely committed the United States to any clear course of action. Before this can be said, two things must be done.

In the first place, the President's generalizations must be implemented by a concrete program of action. If the words uttered in Chicago are left hanging in mid-air and not brought down to earth by specific recommendations to Congress and the people, then the United States may again play the unsatisfactory role it played in 1931-33. Does the reference to a quarantine involve collective economic sanctions? Is it compatible with the Neutrality Act? If not, will the President take steps to bring the issue before a special session of Congress and get the act revoked? To what extent will the United States coöperate with the League of Nations?

Just these questions are being flung at the President by the reactionary press. The easiest and surest way to permit these papers to get away with their pro-Japanese and pro-war propaganda is to keep silent. The President's silence cost him the offensive on the Court issue. The mistake must not be repeated. There may be reasons for not going beyond the general position stated in Chicago, considering the fact that it was the first of its kind. But a more concrete statement must be made, otherwise the lofty sentiments expressed in Chicago will get us nowhere.

It then remains to clear out of the way those obstacles which past errors have placed as bars to future effective action. Foremost in this respect is the Neutrality Act. If Japan issues a formal declaration of war, President Roosevelt will be obligated to invoke the act. There is no reason why a solution of this problem has to be delayed. It would be better and safer from every viewpoint to meet this exigency in advance.

Most important of all, the opposition must not be underestimated. It is small but economically powerful. It is based on the House of Morgan, the Hearst interests, and the allies of fascism in this country generally. It has the backing of a large and wealthy propaganda machine. It will take every advantage of the blundering statements issued with such regularity and abundance by the so-called peace societies and the so-called isolationist liberals, among whom we are sorry to see the *New Republic*.

There is only one certain way to defeat this unholy alliance. The people must be roused to the support of the President's position as expressed in the "quarantine speech." President Roosevelt has seen on his recent cross-country trip how ready the masses are to respond to the progressive features of his program if only the effort is made. This is the only sure road to victory. The people of the United States cannot afford a set-back on this issue where their very lives are at stake.

Hollywood Does a Good Job

A BEAUTIFUL friendship ended in Hollywood the other day when Mussolini's son scrambled into a plane and left Hal Roach, his partner, holding the bag. Roach is reported to be out $12,500 on the deal, half of which he actually put up in Italy for the Roach-Mussolini producing firm that was to make available to the world the full beauties of the fascist mind in action. Hollywood is in one week of grand entertainment which consisted of showing the world what it thought of Mussolini.

Mussolini's pudgy offspring was frozen, blasted, and cursed out of Hollywood. He had taken a precaution, heartily recommended to all enemies, of writing a book, and this book proved his undoing. It was only necessary to quote from his own account of his baby-killing exploits in Ethiopia—which writers and actors did liberally, paying substantial sums to print the quotations in advertisements—to arraign large and articulate sections of the film industry against the sadistic little fascist. A wave of nauseated revulsion swept Hollywood. It became the socially correct thing to cut and snub Mussolini in every way. Stars who refused to attend a function for him found their hands wrung by carpenters and scene-shifters who hadn't had such an opportunity of showing they were anti-fascist. Mussolini was booed on his visits to movie studios, and when Roach complained to the magnates, those wily gentlemen told him exactly what kind of an ass he was to suppose he could get decent people to associate with Mussolini. Roach was tied up for a neat sum, to be sure, but he quickly saw that unless he let go, he would be isolated himself. He dropped Mussolini like a hot potato. The picture-making project is out. Papa back in Rome knows a little more now about how America regards him. And if on the young Mussolini's projected visit to Washington some way could be found in the White House of administering a really decisive turndown to the baby-killer, the whole country would ring with applause. It isn't any part of President Roosevelt's constitutional duty to shake hands with a murderous punk like Vittorio.

Artists on Strike

SINCE May 7 Popeye and Betty Boop artists have been on strike against the Fleischer Studios. Members of the Commercial Artists' & Designers' Union, they have waged a long struggle against anti-union tactics. On September 30 it was falsely reported that the strike had been settled. Actually, the C.A.D.U. states, the Fleischer company changed an earlier verbal agreement by excluding many vital points. The strike is still on. And the C.A.D.U. has protested to Mayor LaGuardia against police brutality in clubbing union pickets on October 1; the pickets are still out in front of movie houses showing Popeye and Betty Boop; and for moviegoers who support labor these two animated cartoon characters are still in the doghouse.

What Is the Duke Selling?

THERE is more to the Duke of Windsor's trip to Germany and his contemplated trip to the United States than meets the eye. The duke is now supposed to be studying labor conditions in Germany. His host in Germany will be Robert Ley, head of the Nazi Labor Front. It is reported that the duke is also to have a talk with Hitler. He is to see the great armament plants of Essen and Gelsenkirchen, "the size of which it is desired to have known in influential British quarters," as the Nazi-minded New York *Times* correspondent, Frederick T. Birchall, puts it.

Now, it is well known in Great Britain that the Duke of Windsor and his wife are inordinately fond of the fascist scheme of things. The duchess is a good friend of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nazi minister to Great Britain, von Ribbentrop, the gentleman who made such strenuous efforts, prior to the former King's abdication, to woo the British upper classes. Since then, von Ribbentrop's campaign has been something less than successful.

The British press has been full of rumors and counter-rumors of this sort, but the duke's present trip would seem to lend confirmation to the belief that he is actively engaged in furthering the fortunes of the Nazi regime. If so, his trip to the United States is planned either as a camouflage for his earlier engagement or as an opportunity to do some missionary work for Hitler in this country, or both. If these things are true, his United States trip may be less placid though no less instructive than his trip to Germany —no less instructive because the duke ought to be able to learn as much from a vigorous anti-fascist demonstration when he arrives and as he moves about as from the blandishments of the Nazi murder machine.

Pep Talks of 1937

A "HIGH treasury official" has announced that American business and industry are holding up very well despite deep cuts in relief expenditures and other forms of pump priming. And Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corp., adds his opinion that the country has "seldom been more prosperous." It may come as a surprise for several million families to learn that Mr. Jones insists "there is no shortage of buying power." Both Mr. Jones and the treasury suggest that Wall Street is afraid of its own shadow.

Nevertheless, steel production has sagged, retail sales are slipping, and even the National Industrial Conference Board estimates something over six million unemployed. Business has tooled up for an expansion that now looks very unlikely. It is unlikely because the spotty recovery that reached its peak early in 1937 failed to bring a proportionate increase of mass purchasing power. This is amply shown by an analysis of the industries reporting sensational profit increases for the first half of 1937. Steel, railway equipment, electrical engineering, and mining were among the big leaders. But few industries that sell to the consumer made any such comparisons with 1936. Food-processing companies, clothing manufacturers, and restaurant chains showed a different trend, with many individual companies dropping behind last year's figures both in profits earned and volume of business. Cotton-mill activity has reached its lowest point since June 1936.

The inference is obvious—the pump still needs priming. The loss of a billion dollars in consumer purchasing power through federal retrenchments has checked retail sales, and this lag is now reflected in curtailed production schedules for heavy industry. Inspired statements which imply that the victims of unemployment and starvation wages are doing nicely, thank you, sound suspiciously like Hoover's old pep talks.

Labor Costs Below 1929

IF business continues to recede, we will no doubt hear from employer groups and industrial leaders that higher wages have pushed up costs and destroyed the "balance between labor and capital," which business men imagine is a necessary feature of recovery. It may be helpful, therefore, to note some results of a recent survey reported by Standard Statistics. Since 1929 still remains the golden age for profits, it is surprising to discover that thirteen out of twenty-one industrial groups studied have lower labor costs now than in 1929 or 1936. In the automobile industry, for example, labor costs are still lower than for 1934, 1935, or 1936, despite last winter's wage increases.

Mechanization and speed-up have largely counteracted higher payments to workers. Some industries have shown remarkable "progress" of this sort. Cigarette manufacturers are producing at about half their 1929 labor costs; for petroleum the figure is 60 percent; lumber stands at 86.3 percent. The thirteen industries whose 1937 labor costs are under the 1929 figure include textiles (cottons, woolens, silks, and rayons), meat packing, leather, boots and shoes, and bituminous and anthracite coal mining.

Facts like these won't check Liberty League crusades against labor, but they are a useful antidote for the sort of tory economics that mushrooms up whenever Wall Street gets the jitters.

The Navy Flouts the Law

THERE must be something in the salt air to make the Navy Department admirals a law unto themselves, so far as ordinary government regulations are concerned.

Recently, for instance, the United Hat, Cap, & Millinery Workers, a C.I.O. union, revealed that the Navy Department pays no attention to the Walsh-Healy Act, designed to uphold labor standards. The act makes it compulsory for bidders on federal contracts of ten thousand dollars or more to observe a forty-hour week and pay set wages. By the simple device of splitting a cap contract into two parts, each just under ten thousand dollars, and awarding it to two firms, the navy has nullified the intent of the act and provided a sanctuary for the sweatshop and labor chiseler. When the union asked the Walsh-Healy board about this action, the board replied: "The navy is a very independent department, and we can't do a thing about it."

The latest nautical maneuver brings to mind other recent instances of gold-braided anti-labor conduct. The navy has deliberately broken the Wagner Act in a labor election among the civilian employees at the Philadelphia navy yard. It is the function of the National Labor Relations Board to order such elections, but the admirals took it upon their own epauletted shoulders to do so, to do it so that the results would be as disastrous as possible for another C.I.O. union, the Industrial Union of Marine & Shipbuilding Workers. Besides calling the election without the union's consent (the actual balloting was boycotted) Rear Admiral Watt Cluverius conducted a series of shop polls instead of one plant-wide election. The result was a victory for the company union in twenty-four of the forty-seven departments, and for an A. F. of L. union in fourteen departments. In nine departments no bargaining agent at all was named.

This incident, in turn, recalls the navy's active strikebreaking role in the strike at the New York Shipyards at Camden, N. J., two years ago. The admirals threatened to take their war building somewhere else (seven navy vessels were under construction) unless the strike was settled at once. The Marine & Shipbuilding Workers' Union was strong enough to achieve a victory, but the strike-breaking intent of the navy was plain.

Mutiny is a harsh word, but it's the navy's own, and what else would you call such brass-buttoned violations of the law?

Clearing the Air

FATHER COUGHLIN has announced that he is canceling his contract for a series of twenty-six broadcasts over national stations after higher-ups frowned upon the radio priest's latest foray into public affairs. Coughlin recently stepped out of bounds by stating that President Roosevelt had shown personal stupidity in the Black appointment. He then rushed on to imply that here is a basic opposition in principle between the Catholic Church and the C.I.O. A spokesman for Coughlin explained the cancellation of his broadcasts by saying that the game just wouldn't be worth the candle if the Shrine of the Little Flower had to broadcast nothing but platitudes.

It would not be wide of the mark to suggest that the mass following of Roosevelt and the C.I.O. caused the hierarchy some worry lest the radio priest drive a wedge between the church and its communicants.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rule or Ruin at Denver

The delegates are treated to the spectacle of A. F. of L. officials attacking and U. S. officials defending labor's rights

By William F. Dunne

DENVER.

H. RIDER HAGGARD should have reported this convention. Prehistoric survivals were his dish. But he is dead, and one must do the best one can.

This fifty-seventh annual convention of the American Federation of Labor is something one looks at and makes notes on, but does not believe. It is impossible, in this day and age, that such a thing could be happening. It is incredible—but here it is. I believe that all other newspapermen present feel the same way.

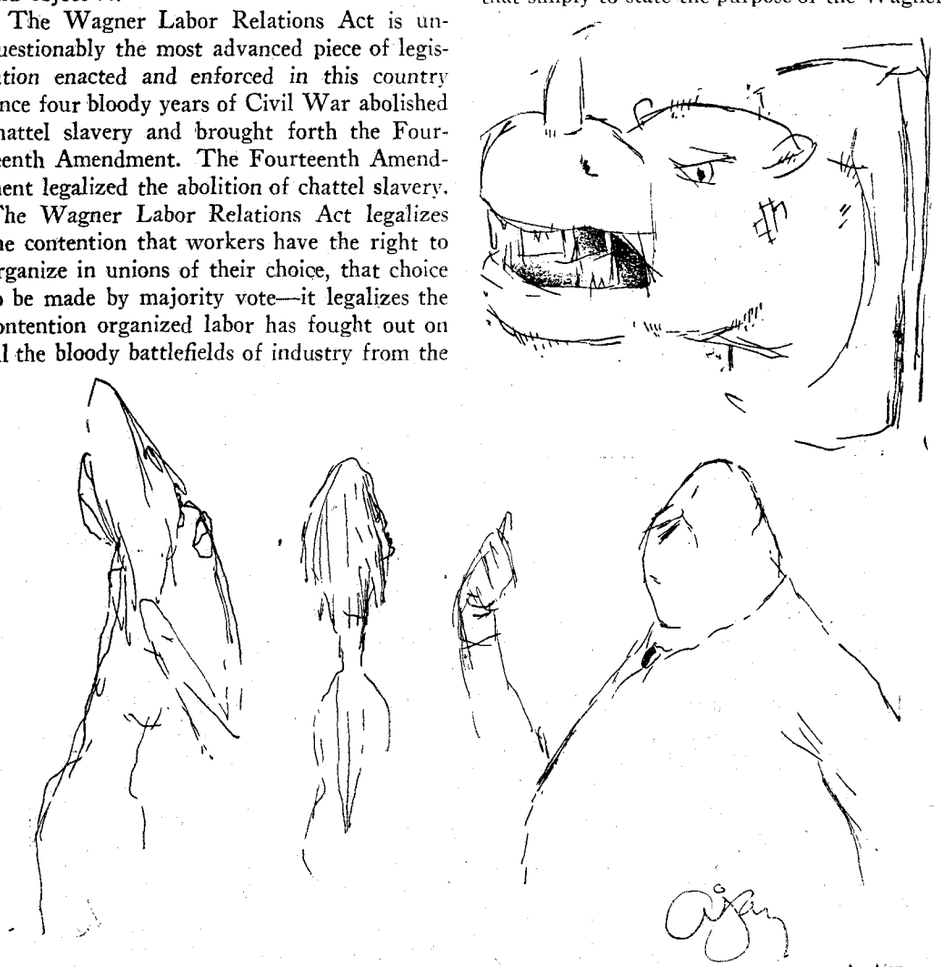
For this convention of the American Federation of Labor has two main purposes: to start civil war in the labor movement in cooperation with the powerful organized associations of employers; and to amend the Wagner Labor Relations Act in conformity with the expressed wishes of the corporation lawyers, or, failing to amend, to repeal it. In this brief dispatch there is space to deal only with the second objective.

The Wagner Labor Relations Act is unquestionably the most advanced piece of legislation enacted and enforced in this country since four bloody years of Civil War abolished chattel slavery and brought forth the Fourteenth Amendment. The Fourteenth Amendment legalized the abolition of chattel slavery. The Wagner Labor Relations Act legalizes the contention that workers have the right to organize in unions of their choice, that choice to be made by majority vote—it legalizes the contention organized labor has fought out on all the bloody battlefields of industry from the police frame-up in the Haymarket riot of 1886 to the Memorial Day massacres in that same city of Chicago in 1937.

Yet this week the Executive Council brought before this convention Judge Joseph Padway of Milwaukee—probably the highest-paid stool-pigeon ever to appear before an A. F. of L. convention—for the sole purpose of constructing a demagogic basis for an attack on the Wagner Labor Relations Act in the next session of Congress.

Chairman J. Warren Madden of the National Labor Relations Board had addressed the convention the day before. He had given a scholarly and dispassionate explanation of the purposes of the Wagner Act. The readers of the NEW MASSES know that I am not given to writing lilting lyrics dedicated to the government and its appointees. But Chairman Madden did a good job. Perhaps he did not know that simply to state the purpose of the Wagner Act—the establishment of unions by free elections, i. e., elections divorced as far as possible from employer intimidation and control—*was to wave the red flag before this convention.* This is what Chairman Madden had said, and I know of no honest labor man who takes issue with it:

> The current division in the labor movement, with the bitter accusations and recriminations which are emanating from both of the principal camps, has created difficult problems for the board which were not anticipated when the statute was passed. But the board's duty under the statute is plain. *It is to protect the workers in their right to belong to a union of their own choosing. That is the very heart and spirit of the statute.* When, therefore, an employer coerces his employees into joining a union which has not been chosen by the majority of his employees, he violates the law, and we will order him to stop. It will make no difference whether the union the employer prefers is a union limited to his own employees, or a C.I.O. union or an A. F. of L. union. . . . But the choice does not lie with the employer, nor with the board. *The choice lies with the men themselves, and the board's duty is to protect them in that choice. Any other holding would have the effect of repealing the law and of returning to employers the power to make or break unions at their will. If any such sabotage of the law shall occur, it will not be permitted by the present board.*



"That's nothing. You should have seen the battle I put up against the United Mine Workers."

And now, to show that your correspondent is not indulging in any special pleading to prove his contention that this convention and *its* special pleader, Judge Padway, *are opposed to majority rule,* I quote from the stenographic text of Padway's speech. His speech, contrary to custom, was not distributed to the press at the time of its delivery. It was amended in the stenographic text with the vicious statements quoted below—statements Judge Padway did not dare to deliver orally even to this reactionary convention for fear of protest but which are now the official position of the A. F. of L. president and his Executive Council.

Judge Padway, attorney of record retained by the A. F. of L. Executive Council to smash by every possible legal means its own chartered federal labor unions in the Allis Chalmers plants and the Simmons Bed concerns—because they had voted for industrial unionism—told this convention:

> We shall await the decision of the Allis Chalmers case. On it will depend whether the law will be interpreted as it was intended to be interpreted, or whether it is to be circumvented, perverted, and turned into an instrument of propaganda for the C.I.O. If it is the latter, then unless the law is speedily amended, there is but one thing to do, and that is *to remove the tyrannical hand of bureaucracy from the shoulders of organized labor as embodied in the principles of the American Federation of Labor—and that means there is nothing else left to do but to repeal the law.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Furtwängler versus Toscanini

The author of "Personal History" takes the German maestro to task for his recent pronouncements concerning art and politics

By Vincent Sheean

DR. WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER'S letter to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, published on September 7, states the classic view that "the artist must be as much above the political controversies of the day as the art which he serves." This opinion, no matter how illogical and inhumane it may seem to us, and no matter how stale it has grown by parrot-like repetition, is worth examining again when it is stated by an artist of Dr. Furtwängler's quality. Dr. Furtwängler says:

> Seeing that the press, to my great regret, has taken possession of the contents of a conversation which recently took place between me and Toscanini at Salzburg, I am constrained, against my will, to express myself on the subject.

We may be allowed to remark here that we do not see what constraint was put upon him to write to the press. If an artist is above controversy, why does he argue the point? No matter. He goes on:

> Initially, however, I should like to remark that the relations between Toscanini and myself have always been of the best and that the conversation in question was also carried on in the friendliest of terms. Nevertheless, I cannot concur with the view of my much-esteemed colleague when he contends that a conductor may not, on political grounds, pursue his professional activities simultaneously at Bayreuth and at Salzburg.

We have Dr. Furtwängler's word that this is Toscanini's view. Perhaps it is, but so far we have not seen a letter from Toscanini to the press stating it. The learned doctor from Berlin is, in fact, repeating something said in a private conversation. He continues:

> According to my view—I have at all times spoken frankly on the subject—the artist must be quite as much above the political controversies of the day as the art which he serves. The great masters Wagner and Beethoven addressed themselves in their works not to their own nation alone, but to the whole world; when, therefore, I conduct at Bayreuth today and at Salzburg tomorrow, this has nothing to do with politics. The blame for the reproach that art is being turned to political account in my view rests rather upon those who seem to assume that Bayreuth and Salzburg exist for other ends than for art. Where would we get to if we artists also lost sight of the supernational significance of our great masters? The world must remain open for the artist; and today, perhaps even more than ever before, the free exchange of cultural interests can help to facilitate the mutual understanding so much desired by all nations.

The last sentence, which is worthy of Mr. Anthony Eden, need not worry us unduly at this late day. The rest of the letter is a more exact statement and is worth reading with care. Dr. Furtwängler is no Nazi, or at any rate no ordinary Nazi. So far as I have ever heard, he takes no part in politics. He certainly fought to the end to keep his Jewish musicians in the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and suffered a year's exile for that reason. He is a German, a great conductor, a scholar, and an austere and devoted servant of music. In all these capacities it is perhaps his duty, and certainly his right, to continue to conduct his orchestra at Berlin or Bayreuth or wherever he is called. But when he broadens his position so as to state it in general terms, and thus to imply a criticism of those who do not agree with him, above all those who, like Toscanini, do not share with him the blessings of subjection to the Nazi régime, he is passing far beyond his competence, and it becomes the privilege of any newspaper reader to judge him on his words.

Let us list, as briefly as possible, a few of the comments that suggest themselves on the latter part of this remarkable letter.

First, Dr. Furtwängler has not "at all times spoken frankly on the subject." If he had, there are at least five members of his orchestra who would not have been changed two and a half years ago. If he had, he would not be conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, and would not be welcome at Bayreuth. What is safe to write to the *Neue Freie Presse*—and even, until examined closely, rather noble—is not safe to write to the *Völkischer Beobachter*.

Second, if "the artist must be quite as much above the political controversies of the day as the art which he serves," and the opinion can be defended, it was singularly inapposite to name Wagner and Beethoven as examples. Neither was above political controversy; both were men of deep human passions, closely connected with the collective life of their times; neither would have kept his mouth shut for all the Hitlers in Europe.

Third, if the two masters named addressed themselves "not to their own nation alone, but to the whole world," Dr. Furtwängler should say so in Germany where another view of their significance prevails.

Fourth, Bayreuth and Salzburg should have nothing to do with politics, it is true; but since when has that principle been accepted at Bayreuth? Does Dr. Furtwängler think that the playing and singing of the Nazi party song at a festival performance in Bayreuth constitutes being "above controversy"? Does he think that the weeding out of Marxian or Jewish or simply democratic liberal men and women among the musicians constitutes freedom from political bias?

Fifth, "those who assume that Bayreuth and Salzburg exist for other ends than for art" refer only to Dr. Furtwängler's superior officers, Herr Hitler and Dr. Goebbels. Nobody else has tried to make a political partisan show out of a music festival. Certainly there are no national or party hymns, no political cheering, parades, or manifestations of any kind at Salzburg.

Sixth, the next sentence ("Where would we get to," etc.) contains one little word, one all-revealing word, which Dr. Furtwängler would not dare to use in Germany. The word is *also*. "If we artists *also* lost sight of the supernational significance of our great mas-

John Heliker

"An' now an honest district attorney! What kind of government interference wit' business will they think of next!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters"—and Dr. Furtwängler knows as well as we do that the persons excluded by the *also,* the persons who do openly and deliberately obscure the supernational significance not only of Beethoven and Wagner, but of Goethe himself (a miracle of distortion), are the fascist gangsters who are at present his employers.

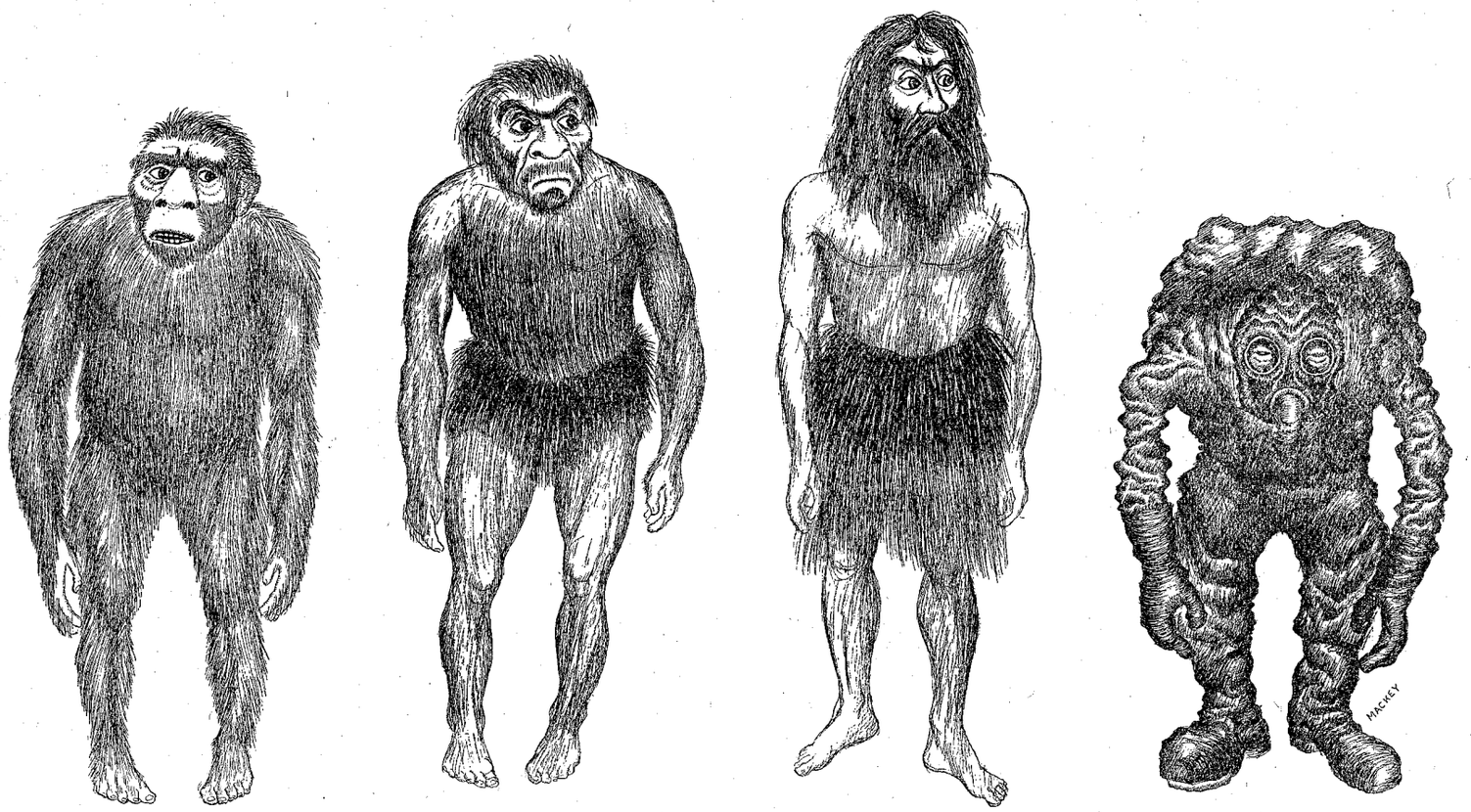
These are detailed comments. But the ideas Dr. Furtwängler treats with such plausibility in this letter are bigger than the disingenious phrases that clothe them. What he says, in effect, is that it is none of his business how many Jewish fiddlers are out of jobs, or how many men get thrown out of work in the opera houses and orchestras of Germany because they used to belong to the Socialist or the Communist Party, or how many singers are driven into exile; it is even none of his business what effect this has on the musical value of the performances of German masterpieces for the German people. All this is none of his business. His business is simply to conduct, as well as he can, wherever he is called upon to do so.

Well, perhaps he can convince himself that this is the case. Obviously he has convinced himself, or he would not be the prime dictator (under Hitler and Goebbels) of musical Germany. He has persuaded himself that he, a great artist—and it is simply foolish to contend that he is not a great artist; he is one of the greatest now living—can be the hireling of a gang of thugs and *should* be their hireling because it is his duty to music, and music must be served.

In this persuasion or conviction, it seems to me, we have the true measure of Dr. Furtwängler's mind. He is a musician, scholar, and artist of the first rank, but he has a dry and pettifogging mind. Many things now become clear to us. We see why it is that, for all the structural beauty and magnificence of Dr. Furtwängler's work at its best, there are still things in his own chosen masters, Beethoven and Wagner, which he never seems to recreate for us. Now we know why the torment of Beethoven's soul does not reach us through Dr. Furtwängler's superb performances, except now and then through sheer formal suggestion. It is because Dr. Furtwängler is above all that. The torment of Beethoven's soul was, in fact, as much political as personal. What else is the Eroica about, except all men? Are the third and seventh symphonies of Beethoven merely individual and formal compositions to Dr. Furtwängler? So it would seem; the rest of what they mean is beneath him. An artist should be above caring about the fate of all men; he should "make music"—out of what?

Well, we could make a suggestion to Dr. Furtwängler, if he were open to suggestion. He might buy himself a pressing of the records issued last year of Beethoven's seventh symphony as recorded by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Toscanini. If it is too much trouble to him to play the whole thing through—he is a very busy man, of course, and we all know now that he is "above" a great many things—he can surely spare the time to listen to the second movement alone. When he has listened to these three records, he will have received the proper answer to his letter published in the *Freie Presse* on September 7. The content of that music could never have been fully absorbed and recreated by a musician who was, as Dr. Furtwängler claims to be, "above" life. When Dr. Furtwängler can conduct the seventh symphony of Beethoven, or even its second movement, with not only his own superb musicianship, but with the extra fire and fury of a spirit that has fully comprehended the depths from which this music comes, that has suffered it as the composer suffered it, for himself and for all men—then, perhaps, he can write another letter to the press.

Except that then he wouldn't feel the necessity, he wouldn't be in Germany at all; he would not be Dr. Furtwängler.



UNNATURAL HISTORY

ABOVE are four stages in the evolution of man. The first, the Java ape-man, *Pithecanthropus erectus,* probably lived less than a million years ago, walked erect, and possessed a larger brain than the ape. The next, Neanderthal man, roamed over Europe about two hundred thousand years ago. In 1856 a skull was found in the Neander Valley in Germany. The brain was as large as modern man's but far less developed. It is quite possible that some of his descendants, with slight variations, are now ruling Germany. The Cro-Magnon man was very much like modern man, lived in the stone age, and was the first artist. Due to the primitive and aggressive attitude of the leaders of Germany, Italy, and Japan, a new type of modern man is being developed, with the posture and dress of the above figure (*Capitalanthropus inerectus*). Scientists point out, however, that the latter is not a natural sport, but has acquired these special features because of immediate environment. The weight of scientific opinion, however, is that the environmental influences producing this type will presently change, and since acquired characteristics are not hereditary, the type will revert to an erect and unencumbered *Homo sapiens.*—JOHN MACKEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Town that Grew a Beard

Revealing something new in necessary equipment for a labor-union organizer

By Martin Porter

BLACK SHALE, WYOMING.

DEAR BROTHER JOE: I guess you're wondering what's happened with me. Well, I'm here in Black Shale and things are in a helluva state. There is no unemployment, but wages are low and working conditions'd break your heart.

For the first time since I started out as an organizer after my accident, I've laid an egg. A big, white, round egg.

There's no use beating around the bush, Joe. I can't make it up here, and you'd better send Harry or Pete or Jinks along so's I can move on. Anyone of them would be okay for this set-up. Things are in a mess, and there's nothing I can do to straighten 'em out.

Just now, I read back to myself what I've written so far and it don't make much sense. It's hard for a guy like me to admit failure. Maybe, I'd better start from the very beginning.

It's three days since I hit this burg—and a terrible dump it is. I've worked in the big coal towns in Pennsy and they're no gift, but Black Shale tops 'em all. The railroad runs through Main Street and there are only two gates. The other streets cross the tracks with no protection, and every once in a while some poor kid or a miner with an extra beer or two under his belt gets smacked sky-high by a train.

Black Shale is nearly two hundred miles from any other town and the company stores charge what they damned well please. Even Ruth Pratt and her Park Avenue friends would squawk at butter at fifty-two cents per. The houses haven't been repaired in a dog's age and when it rains, everyone holes out under the bed. There's no sense in fixing up your house because you never know how long the super's going to let you stay. Rents are high and with the "company-deducts" most of the boys don't draw enough in actual cash to give a pigeon indigestion.

Black Shale is an independent, responsible to no one but John P. Gregory and his missus —who apparently owns John P. But there's no sense in talking about Mrs. John P.—Jim Farley'd never let this through the mails if I were to tell you what the men think of her. It's a sweet set-up for the bosses, with them able to do how they like. They own a newspaper here that comes out twice a week. Of course, Roosevelt is a Communist, if not a Jew, and John L. Lewis is a no-good son-of-a-bitch who runs from union hall to union hall with a bomb in each hand and a knife between his teeth. That's the kind of junk they print here and some of the men fall for it.

Joe, I guess I'm stalling. I'm filling these pages with a lot of words because I'm ashamed to tell you why I can't get a job here.

Well, as I was saying, I hit town and got a room at the Select Hotel, a roach-ridden, coal-blackened joint. The guy that runs it is a sour-pussed fellow with long, old-fashioned sideburns and the stool-look written across his mug. I got up bright and early—I hadn't slept much because the trains were switching all night—and headed for the mine office.

There, I spot a sign: MEN WANTED. It looks good.

After killing time in the outer office, a guy with a full, black beard and flowing mustache opens the window slit and asks what I want. I jerks a thumb toward the sign. He looks me over carefully and asks where I've worked. I tell him.

"Are you a union man?" he asks.

I grin. "Do I have to be?" He throws his head back and howls.

"This is an open town, bud—wide open." And he winks at me.

I wink straight back like we was a couple of old pals laughing at a private joke and he gets friendly. I'm giving myself a mental pat on the back when he pipes up suddenly, "Sorry, bud, but I can't use you."

With that, he slams the window down.

That gets me, Joe.

I don't know what to do for a minute or so and stand there looking dopily at the closed window. Then I rap. Mr. Black Beard opens up. He says, "Oh, it's you! I told you there ain't nothin' doin'!" He starts as if to shut the window again but I'm too quick.

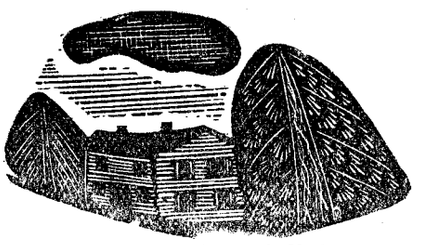
I shove my elbow under it and say, "Look here, mister, I need a job. You've got a sign up. How about it?"

He gives me a funny, crooked grin that shows his teeth up white between his black beard and his mustache and says, "You're not the type." Then he slams the window.

There was nothing to do but hike.

I got to thinking. Here I am—a stranger to this guy. He acts friendly when he starts out—especially when he hears I ain't union. Then he turns me down cold. Do I have to be a special type to dig coal for John P. I wonder? As you know I can heft my weight.

I'm stumped.



Woodcut by Lloyd J. Reynolds

I walk into the drug store for a pack of gum. An undersized runt with a scraggly mustache waits on me. He looks at me with a fishy eye but don't say nothing. He hands me back my change out of a dime and starts away. "Excuse me, mister," I say, "I'm a stranger here and need a job. Can you help me out?"

He says, "You'd better see Mr. Lowry at the mine. He does all the hiring in this town."

I tell him I've been over there and it's no soap. The druggist shrugs and goes back to his cubby-hole. I'm getting nowhere fast, as you can see.

I go over to the poolroom hoping to meet up with a couple of guys who might steer me, but there's nothing doing there. I see a lot of slot-machines and can't help thinking how John P. gets his dough back in one way or another.

Around supper, I go to the pit-head hoping to meet someone. After a while the whistle blows and the boys come up. I give 'em the once-over carefully and almost leap for joy when Les Kagnovich comes up. He looks pretty good, only he's grown a muff like most of the others. He looks at me for a minute like he was going to speak and then walks ahead after giving me the high-sign. I follow him slowly so that it don't look suspicious and when we're out a way, he turns to me. I thought for a minute he was going to kiss me, he's so glad to see me. You remember Les Kagnovich, don't you, Joe? He helped pull me out when the gas blew up in my face.

Les wants to know what I'm doing and I tell him. He shakes his head gravely and says it is about time. Conditions are bad below. Ventilation is bad, dust and damp gather all over the place. There ain't the timbering there should be. Inspectors are fixed, and anyone who beefs is fired. It looks like we're needed badly. Les says there is plenty of union feeling but the men are scared. During the N.R.A. they started meeting in houses, and the boss got wise. The leaders were run out of town.

That dampened the boys.

Then they tried to hire a hall but couldn't get one. The newspaper pulled the usual line. Someone got the bright idea of meeting in a field at night. They went ten miles out of Black Shale, built a big bonfire, and met. It was a mistake. The men who gathered there were loyal, but Lowry and the other stooges spotted the men by the firelight and canned them. John P. turned up with a company union plan, but the men managed to stall, and by that time the Nine Old Men had thrown the N.R.A. into the garbage can along

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the Constitution and John P. breathed easier.

The boys have heard about the Wagner Act all right, but don't know just what to do. Everything here is owned by John P., and you can't even get married without his getting his cut from the justice of the peace. The men are afraid to make a move on their own because of how things are sewn up. They think he'll lock 'em out if they start unionizing. Of course, you and I know he won't pull that.

Naturally then, none of them can take the lead in organizing and they need an outsider. That's me.

An organizer coming into this kind of layout should be one of the men. He should work side by each with them till they know he's on the level. He's got to get a job in the mine.

That night Les arranged for me to see some of the men who are looked up to by the other miners. He told me to put my cards on the table. I agreed.

I had supper with Les and his woman (she sends her regards). They told me about a rodeo that's taking place here next month. It seems that John P. had a brainstorm. Cheyenne and Pendleton have rodeos that attract thousands and thousands of visitors. Why not Black Shale? John P. decided that he and his coal company could stand some of the same kind of publicity, too. Naturally, this will get wide attention and help the sale of Black Shale coal.

And that's the rub.

Mrs. John P. pulled one out of the hat. She ordered that everyone in town must grow a beard or a mustache or sideburns just like the Old Forty-Niners—it would be so romantic! The men didn't like that and told Mr. Lowry it was a sour idea. He said that if Mrs. John P. decided they must grow tails, they'd have to grow tails—or lump it. Now everyone in Black Shale has a beard or a mustache or sideburns.

Well, three or four men drop in at Les's and we have a long palaver. I explain their rights under the Wagner Act and give 'em some idea of what's really been happening throughout the country since the C.I.O. decided it was time to make the A. F. of L. take its back hair down. The men get enthusiastic, and we arrange to meet again the next night at the home of a fellow named Jack Kennedy.

Kennedy's missus is suspicious. She's a fine woman who believes in unions but has a God-almighty fear that her man will lose his job—for which I don't blame her. This time there are eight miners besides myself and the men from the night before. Mrs. Kennedy listens carefully to what I have to tell the men. I go over much the same ground and give them a picture of the union—particularly since the C.I.O. was formed. I explain the principles of the C.I.O. and they get it like a shot. It's amazing how much the rank and file understand on short notice, and it makes me wonder whether Green or Woll or Hutcheson ever listen to the men talk. They'd get an earful that'd change their tactics in a minute. One of the men is an old Wobbly and we get started on politics. I go over Lewis's recent speeches and explain how economic action must necessarily be bound up with political action. The Wobbly agrees and says it is about time labor was getting a hump on.

Mrs. Kennedy listens and shakes her head and then jumps up and shouts, "It's the answer, boys. We've got to have a union. We've got to march along with the millions and make the Girdlers and Weirs and John P.'s know what's what." She turns to her husband and says very quietly, "Jack, if you don't join and work with this man, I'll never talk to you again as long as I live."

Jack pulls on his beard—a red one—and says, "Sure, Ma, who says any different?"

Then the men decide to get to work and start a local.

We talk over plans till late and it is agreed that work must be started right off. They're all overpepped up about this and allow that they'd better get the local going before the Supreme Court makes any more five to four decisions.

Kennedy insists that I must get a job in the mine pronto, so's I can get friendly with the men. I tell them what happened to me about a job and Mrs. Kennedy starts to laugh.

She kept laughing till I thought Jack was going to have to clout her to make her stop.

Now's the hard part, Joe, and you'll understand why it's taken me so long to get down to bed-rock. It makes me feel ashamed to ask for help, but it's an act of God. You and the others will have to understand. I suppose when I get back, I'll be kidded a lot but I guess that can't be helped either.

Anyhow, Mrs. Kennedy keeps laughing and laughing, and Jack yells for her to shut up, and Les wants to know what she's laughing about, and she points at me and laughs some more. By that time, I'm burned up.

Finally, she gets her breath and says, "He can't get a job here. Lowry won't hire him nohow." And she goes off into another spasm. I yell, "What the hell's the matter here? Why can't I get a job?"

And she gurgles between howls, "Because of the rodeo."

I stare at her, and the others look from her to me. "Because of the rodeo? What's that got to do with me?" I asks.

She calms down a little, "Your face! You can't grow a beard."

I blushed. Clear down to my vest.

And that's why I've laid an egg here, Joe. It's that accident of mine. Remember? It blew off part of my face and all my hair. Well, I can't grow a beard or a mustache or a pair of sideburns for Mrs. John P. Gregory's rodeo—so you'd better do like I said and send on Harry or Pete or Jinks.

No wisecracks, Joe, and please send an organizer here in a hurry,

Fraternally,

ALEC KELLAND.

"Well, we are a bit worried about his deportation." Richter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READERS' FORUM

A German Pole in Spain—Questions on the Soviet Union—Protest and Reply

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I first noticed Rudolf in the dining room of the International Brigade Post Office. There was no possibility of overlooking him, for his clothes were the gayest and most colorful that I have seen in the International Brigade, and on every occasion he proudly displayed the various emblems of the I.B. on his person. Then, too, his handsome and intelligent Slavonic face with the elegant Van Dyke set him apart from the others. His neatness of person and his quiet and dignified manner made me curious. I soon discovered that he was a Pole and I also learned that he was very talkative and pleasant when engaged in conversation. Seeing him every day, I learned that his job was a menial one such as keeping the grounds of the Post Office in order and helping in the kitchen. Rudolf, I surmised, was just another of the many Slavs in the I.B. who had perhaps been wounded or possibly had been sent to the rear for a few months' work.

Today I met Rudolf on the street and I immediately noticed that his "Salud, Comrade!" was much more profuse than usual and his face beamed as he proudly told me that in the morning he was leaving for the front to join the famed Dombrovski Brigade. Then I discovered that Rudolf was not just another Slav who had finished his time in the rear and was going to rejoin his battalion at the front. Rudolf had been one of the thousands of Poles who had been working in Germany when Hitler seized power. Forced by economic circumstances to remain there, he had been dragged into the army, and when the Spanish war broke out he was forced to go to Spain and fight for Franco. Rudolf became just another one of Franco's "volunteers." At the first opportunity he had deserted and crossed to our lines near Madrid. Since then he had been working out a period of probation and now his time was up. He had made good. He showed that he could be trusted. As a reward he was permitted to join the Dombrovskis at the front.

Albacete, Spain. LEONARD GRUMET.

Tourists in the U.S.S.R.

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I talked today with a couple of American tourists from New York. They asked me whether the Soviet workers believe the evidence of the Moscow trials, whether there really had been any wrecking or not, whether the Soviet workers "realized that the new constitution was a crude joke, and the country was really being run by a clique for their own benefit, by ruthlessly exploiting the masses."

I showed them around our Chelyabinsk tractor plant, and tried to answer their questions. I showed them where a train had been derailed in the middle of the plant and had run into a number of finished tractors. I showed them bearings on the most expensive imported machines, which had had ground glass put into them instead of oil. We saw a shop which had been burned down one night a couple of years ago. My tourist friends agreed that ground glass in bearings cannot be the result of a mistake, or of "slavonic stupidity," but could only be sabotage.

We went to a meeting and saw Soviet democracy in operation. We heard free discussion of plant policy, and we heard discussion of the plan that the workers of that shop wanted to take on for the third quarter. We heard the plan passed by a vote of approximately 110 to 15. Then we heard harsh criticism of the director of the plant for not keeping a large enough reserve supply of axle steel for the forge shop to work; and a ruthless criticism of the head of the trade union for not attending to his business — there had been several cases of men working a whole shift overtime, and this was illegal even if the worker wanted to. The trade union shouldn't permit this. They then discussed ways and means of raising the productivity of the forge shop in order to fulfill the new plan.

After the meeting the tourists talked with some of the workers in the forge shop. They learned from these workers about the difference that it had made to them and their work when the local railroad had been cleaned out by the Department of Internal Affairs, and we began to get raw axle steel on time. We had known days of shut-down due to lack of steel, the railroad just didn't bring enough; now we were getting enough all the time and even had a small reserve. Incidentally, the reserve was a little low right now; but it was not the railroad's fault, it was the director's fault. He had not ordered enough. He had wanted to cut down the amount of idle capital, but the workers had told him at the meeting, that if the supply got too low and there was a shut-down, it would be tantamount to wrecking on his part.

Then the tourists came to the new city where we live, and came to my apartment for dinner. They liked the apartment, three rooms and all conveniences. They listened with interest to the story of how we had lived in tents during the first years of construction of the plant. They ate a three-course dinner and listened to stories of the days only three or four years ago when there was nothing much to eat except bread. After dinner I tried to get them America on my short-wave radio set, but the weather was bad, and I had to give them London instead.

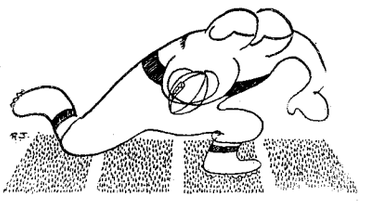
When we pointed out to them that it was the victory of Stalin's policy which had made possible all these tremendous improvements in our lives, one of them said he was convinced, but the other said the bureaucracy was very clever, and I was probably an agent for the G.P.U. I showed him my pay book which said "heat treatment worker—forge department," which was all I could do, but he left shaking his head.

Chelyabinsk, U. S. S. R. EUGENE LARKIN.

A Protest

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In your issue of September 14, you have an editorial in which you accuse the present board of the *Partisan Review* of stealing the magazine's name from some previous board. To give this impression you counterpose the editorial board of the *first* issue of the magazine, in February 1934, to its present personnel, without taking into consideration the numerous changes of policy and of editorial composition through which the magazine passed. You mention that the magazine was published by the John Reed Club, as if unaware of the fact that the John Reed Club was officially dissolved in 1935 and that from then on the magazine was published by a group of individuals. You will find that in the October 1936 issue, which marked the last appearance of the old *Partisan Review*, the editorial masthead carried only three names, those of Alan Calmer, William Phillips, and Philip Rahv. Any investigation will show that the ownership and management were completely in the hands of these three individuals. Of these three, two are on the present board; and the third, having been invited to act as editor, declined.



Robert Joyce

From whom, then, was the name of the magazine stolen? Surely not from ourselves?

Obviously, *Partisan Review* being our magazine, we could invite others to join the staff, and this we did. It is true that the magazine is to some extent undergoing a change of policy, but this is our privilege. Whatever position the old *Partisan Review* held was voluntary, in the sense that it expressed the convictions of the editors. It is only to be expected that the present policy should reflect the present convictions of the editors.

In your editorial you gratuitously equate your own past and your own outlook with that of the old *Partisan Review*. But every informed writer and reader knows that the NEW MASSES and the *Partisan Review* were constantly at loggerheads on the problems of revolutionary literature. In fact the original *Partisan Review* was started against the opposition of the NEW MASSES; and in 1934 one of your editors, Granville Hicks, called publicly for its liquidation. What distinguished *Partisan Review* from the NEW MASSES was our struggle to free revolutionary literature from domination by the immediate strategy of a political party. The NEW MASSES, on the other hand, has always been part and parcel of the very tendency which the *Partisan Review* was fighting.

In your editorial you attempt to obscure this fundamental issue by raising certain political questions, such as whether the Communist Party's program in Spain is correct or incorrect, and whether the P.O.U.M. is revolutionary or counter-revolutionary. This is a typical example of the factional spirit behind your literary policies. It is irrelevant to the fundamental question, whether left-wing literature and Marxist criticism shall be free to develop organically, instead of becoming a ready tool of factional interests and polemics.

Finally, may we suggest that you restrain your zeal to attack the new *Partisan Review* and your haste to invent policies for it, until such time as the magazine appears?

If you print this letter in your communications column, as we expect you to do, we are obliged to request that you print it entire.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS,
New York City. PHILIP RAHV.

We Reply

Messrs. Phillips and Rahv ignore certain essential facts. (1) They have changed their political position since the *Partisan Review* last appeared. Mr. Rahv has been expelled from the Communist Party as a Trotskyite, as has Fred Dupee, the only other editor who was a member. (2) The persons with whom they are now associated are in complete disagreement on political grounds with those with whom they were formerly asociated. (3) Writers in the *Partisan Review* differed with writers in the NEW MASSES on literary subjects no more than contributors to the NEW MASSES differ among themselves, and both the writers in the *Partisan Review* and the writers in the NEW MASSES agreed on those fundamental political principles which the present Trotskyite editors of the *Partisan Review* attack.

To suggest that these facts are irrelevant is to be either disingenuous or stupid. *Partisan Review* is not only "to some extent undergoing a change of policy"; it is now being used for purposes utterly opposed to those for which it was founded and maintained, and this is true despite the fact that two out of the six present members on the board also served on the board of the old *Partisan Review*. These things must be said so that the left-wing literary movement will know of what "factional interests" *Partisan Review* has become "a ready tool."

THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life begins in SPAIN

"There were thousands of children along the road. We counted at least 5,000 under ten years of age, at least 1,000 of them barefoot and many clad only in single garments. They staggered and stumbled with cut and bruised feet along the white flint road while the Fascists bombed them from the air and from the sea."
Dr. Norman Bethune of the Canadian Blood Transfusion Institute.

THE SWATH of destruction cut by Franco's troops marching on Madrid dispossessed and made homeless countless adults as well as 50,000 children. The horrible flight from Malaga added another 25,000 child victims. Then Almeria and Guernica, where entire cities were uprooted and their toll of children turned into homeless waifs. In all, an estimated 600,000 children are today homeless in Spain.

The NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY has undertaken the great humanitarian task of providing homes for these countless war orphans. Already five homes are in full operation. The Thomas Jefferson and the Las Planas Homes, located in the beautiful Pyrenees, are an example of what American generosity can do. Over 80 children in the Las Planas Home are being reared and educated in healthful surroundings far from the battlefront. Here, they receive loving care from our experts in all phases of child welfare.

Peace loving Americans, through the NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE, have given to Spain $105,216.21 for food purchases and the establishment and equipping of children's homes. In addition, $203,060.59 worth in clothing, medical supplies and food has been sent to Spain. All this has been done in the short period from October, 1936 to August, 1937.

Join with the NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY in the sacred task of feeding the hungry and housing the homeless children of Spain. Your contribution is needed. It is absolutely necessary. You have the power to answer the anguished cries of the mothers of Spain. To their children, helpless targets of Nazi bombs and Italian shrapnel, you can give a chance to live. Send in your contribution now and tonight you may say "This day I have saved the life of a Spanish child."

550.00 will equip a home for 20 war orphans
250.00 will equip bedrooms for 20 war orphans
180.00 will maintain a home for 20 war orphans for 1 month
100.00 will equip a kitchen and office for 20 war orphans
50.00 will equip a classroom for 20 war orpans
30.00 will provide equipment for 1 war orphan
12.00 will equip an infirmary for 20 war orphans
9.00 will maintain a war orphan for 1 month
4.00 will maintain a war orphan for 2 weeks
2.00 will maintain a war orphan for 1 week
1.00 will maintain a war orphan for half a week

NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE
TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY
381 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed you will find my donation to aid the innocent victims of Fascism.

$.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVIEW AND COMMENT

New trends in Irish letters—Military technique for the layman—Reconstruction and the Negro and a doctor's problem

IRISH fiction of recent years is the best evidence that the Irish literary revival has taken a new and proletarian direction. The older "renaissance," as it was called, lingers on in the poetry of Yeats and to a certain extent in the Abbey Theater. But we have had enough of the new fiction to afford us a new perspective on the older movement and to obligate our now interpreting it as a belated expression of romanticism. Lady Gregory and Synge, it becomes clear, were only repeating romantic attitudes in a new racial variation. Their work corresponds as accurately as Wordsworth's to the middle class's rise into social control; only the phenomenon took place in Ireland about a century later than it did in England, during the troubled years of the so-called Irish revolution.

The Irish literary movement, in fact, wore the same disguises as the earlier English one; it appeared as a revival of interest in the peasantry. Beneath the cloak of sympathetic banter about the pathos and superstition of peasant life, Lady Gregory and Synge were actually demarking the distinction between the peasantry and the bourgeoisie. The peasants were the people who were being left behind in the march of progress, and much of the literature of the revival, through its curious attention to the mores of illiteracy, was bidding them a good-natured farewell. Occasionally in Synge the movement turned to a more directly Wordsworthian understanding, and the peasants were considered prototypes of human misery and grandeur. But in the *Playboy of the Western World* Synge returned to Lady Gregory's attitude, exceeded it, and revealed its nucleus of contempt. Rarely did the revival present the peasants as they saw themselves, and make the reader aware that much in Irish speech and gesture that seemed merely humorous from the bourgeois point of view was bitter truth to distorted lives.

Recent Irish fiction has discarded the picturesque and the mystical; and the æsthetic index of its new direction is the contrast in its use of Irish folklore and folk-speech. In the literature of the "renaissance" these were abstracted from relationship to the vital needs of the peasantry, and became the basis for a literary style that met the demands of art for art's sake. Lady Gregory viewed the peasant superficially; but like a skilled impersonator, she assumed his costume and his brogue, and achieved an appearance of sympathy that distracted attention from her bourgeois assumptions.

The new writers do not pretend that they are of the peasantry in such external matters. They use the crisp, simple sentences of contemporary educated speech with its avoidance of conspicuous stress. Only when they are

W. Milius

writing dialogue, do the familiar Irish cadences appear, and then markedly only when emotion rises to a climax or elderly persons are speaking. Says one of the characters in O'Flaherty's *Famine*,* for instance:

> It is not talk we want, but powder and ball to drive the tyrant from our holy soil. We should bare our breasts to the bullets and the grape-shot and die like men, instead of dying like sheep in a windy ditch.

And later an old woman speaks:

> I'm glad the end has come now for me and my children. While there was hope, there was misery, waiting for the messenger of salvation who never came, cocking an eye along the empty road and hearing the lies of the wind at night. Now there is only the peaceful coffin and a cold, silent hole in the earth's belly.

In these passages the old style survives, though it holds a new content evoked by harsh and intimate poverty. But O'Flaherty utilizes it only when it is appropriate to the occasion. He eschews elevating his narrative into the pseudo-poetic by talking a brogue himself. He limits the office of style so strictly to its function of transferring content that it is difficult to isolate passages for admiration.

Self-effacing and sufficient, the style of *Famine* predicts the objective method of the book's construction. What is true of the nature of the phrase is true of the design of the narrative as a whole. Its structure does not depend upon any conception of abstract form that imposes a system of eternal values upon the facts. It is the direct consequence of O'Flaherty's analysis of historic forces. What gives *Famine* its gathering momentum into dramatic climax, its æsthetic superiority, in a word, to so much historical fiction, is the author's realization that good structure in the historical novel is only the transfer of the movement of historical events. The specific details need not themselves have actually happened. But their nature and their arrangement must illustrate this observed direction of actual events. And since Marxism is the historical method that sticks closest to the facts, while it never loses sight of direction, its translation of history into the terms of fiction evokes an emphasis upon plot.

There was a famine in Ireland in 1845, which caused the great migration to the United States of 1848. Through his picture of its tragic effect upon a single village, upon a single family in that village, O'Flaherty has been able to convey the impression of national tragedy. For his method makes it apparent that the affairs of a single family are woven into the entire fabric of society, the dominant design of which is imperialist economic control.

We have seen this method tried often enough. But it has rarely been used successfully. It has too often become a dogma imposed upon the facts (quite as though it were an "idealistic" point of view) when it is only a method, the precise application of which must be determined by the particular situation the novelist is dealing with. If *Famine* has an epic sweep, it is not due simply to a dialectic framework; it is quite as much due to the delicate articulation of literally thousands of details, each of which has both its service to the plot and its own overflow of immediate human interest. Integration secures climax, but it must be the integration of details that have their own life and girth to begin with.

In no respect, for instance, has O'Flaherty been more subtle than in his handling of the non-proletarian elements. Since he is writing about the poor, these elements cannot be his major interest. The capitalist economy which they embody must penetrate and, at this historical period, determine the majority of transactions among his poor people. And yet too much of the dominant class cannot be presented directly, or the novel will have moved from a proletarian center. So he shows capitalism acting through the agent for the estate to which the village pays rent, through the local shopkeeper who makes money from the food the government assigns him for sale, through the government relief projects which are just useless made work that do not interfere with legitimate industry and are enough of a sop to prevent an uprising. Among the peasantry the young, the old, and the weak go to their death in various ways. Only the strong and resolute emigrate to America, the promised land.

The novel is written so vividly that the reader tends to identify himself with the

* FAMINE, *by Liam O'Flaherty. Random House.* $2.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

action, and loses his consciousness of living at a later period. It might be about a part of Ireland today that has not been radicalized. Peasant habits change little within a hundred years, and the desperation of the famine has reduced their deference to institutions. The irreligion has become a part of the order of nature; its rituals, though still accepted as habitual activity are ineffectual for the time being as social control. The famine dominates these peasants, uproots them, shifts them across the decades into our own troubled era. O'Flaherty at the end of his novel sweeps us past the mirage of American prosperity into completest sympathy with the contemporary movement for Irish emancipation. Crises speak a common language.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

Principles of Warfare

IF WAR COMES, *by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot. Macmillan. $3.*

WAR is the most pressing problem before mankind today. Yet it is a problem concerning which most people know practically nothing. Mainly because of their ignorance, they have little or no voice in the shaping of defense policies and armament programs, but must leave these vital tasks in the hands of "experts," who may, though as a rule they do not, have the interests of the masses at heart.

This ignorance is not universal by any means. In the Soviet Union, for eaxmple, various periodicals devote considerable space to an enlightened discussion of military questions. In consequence, an informed public opinion is being created that will be increasingly instrumental in shaping and guiding Soviet defense policy. In England, with such noted military correspondents and students as Richmond, Bywater, Liddell Hart, Fuller, and others writing constantly for public consumption, something of the same sort is developing, though on a much smaller scale. To a still more limited extent this is also true of France, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavian countries. And in Nazi Germany and fascist Italy, of course, there is no end of talk about military affairs, but it is all rigidly directed from above to the one end of glorifying war and lethal weapons for their own sake.

Here in America we are on the whole utterly ignorant of the technical side of the war problem. This may be due to our fancied isolation, or it may be because no genuinely objective and intelligent school of military writers has developed in this country. The truth probably is that our imagined security against war has discouraged public discussion of the problem. At any rate, we have no one to compare with Bywater or Liddell Hart, with Delaisi, the Frenchman, or Major Bratt, the Swede. Only one newspaper in the entire country has a military correspondent on its staff. His work apart, virtually all of the discussion of military questions that finds its way into the public prints is merely so much propaganda when it is not outright chauvinism. In the service journals a good deal of sound objective writing can be found, but these journals never reach the public eye.

In the interest, therefore, of a more enlightened American democracy one must welcome the book here under review. Messrs. Dupuy and Eliot, who are army officers, touch only sketchily upon the American defense problem itself. Their work deals in the main with the general principles of warfare, the problems of strategy, the conflict between the mass army and the mechanized force, the defense policies of the leading powers, and the initial moves that probably will be made by each belligerent in another great war. But their approach and treatment is sane and objective, devoid of maudlin sentiment and spurious flag-waving. They write as experts and not as propagandists. One may hope that they are laying the groundwork for a school of popular and honest American military writers who will stimulate public debate and so educate the people to enable them to play an intelligent and decisive part in the making of American defense policy.

This is not to say that one must agree with everything that Messrs. Dupuy and Eliot have written. They believe, for instance, that the day of the mass army, the vast and unwieldy conscript horde, is now definitely over. The evidence they marshal in support of their contention is impressive and persuasive. If reason prevails, the mass army as such should be done for (although, one might add, that if reason prevailed there would never be need for any kind of an army). But reason does not always prevail in the heat of war. The tendency both among military men, too many of whom still think of superiority exclusively in terms of man-power, and among politicians who will find it quicker and cheaper to draft men than to increase the supply of mechanized weapons, will be to fall back upon wholesale conscription of untrained men. Indeed, the military policies of practically all of the great powers rest in the last analysis upon conscription, i. e., upon the mass army.

Yet it may turn out that the authors are right. At all events, they are undoubtedly right in contending, on the other hand, that the military "progressives" have gone too far in extolling the virtues of the mechanized weapon, the tank, the airplane, the submarine. They assert that the mere introduction of new weapons cannot change the fundamental principles of warfare and that the human element will and must remain the controlling factor, while they add that there are many limitations upon the use of the mechanized weapons, limitations so obvious that they should have been discerned by such "progressives" as General Douhet, the fascist.

Soriano

The authors debunk once more the childish notions concerning death rays and new and more potent poisonous gases that supposedly will wipe out entire cities and whole armies—notions that have been deliberately concocted and spread by military propagandists and eagerly swallowed by ignorant pacifists. They also show, pointing to Madrid as their example, that it is both foolish and futile to suppose that civilian populations of enemy countries can be demoralized by mass attacks from the air, though they add that this particular notion is held by some of the most highly respected military authorities in our presumably civilized western countries. (In fact, the British have put the idea into effect in India just as the Nazis have in northern Spain, the Italians at Malaga and Valencia, and the Japanese at Canton and Nanking.)

One cannot mention here all of the points the authors raise, but three at least must be recorded. First, they demonstrate that a fascist victory in Spain would greatly harm both France and England from the standpoint of their own defenses. Second, contrary to the propaganda ceaselessly being put out by fascists and tories everywhere, they assert that, once the Soviet Union's defense problem is properly visualized, "the enormous Soviet military establishment becomes, not a Red colossus threatening world peace, but a reasonable defense mechanism." Third, they indicate that, barring an overwhelming surprise move bringing immediate victory to the enemy, the Anglo-French combination with its potential allies should have relatively little difficulty in beating the fascist powers, and they are of the opinion that no such surprise move is likely.

If their style is not quite as polished as that of some of the English writers, Messrs. Dupuy and Eliot have nevertheless produced as excellent and useful study. Their work has only one grievous fault—it lacks an index.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN.

Second American Revolution

RECONSTRUCTION: THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY, *by James S. Allen. International Publishers. $1.25.*

SINCE Charles A. Beard termed the Civil War the "Second American Revolution," that war has generally been understood as a struggle between the industrial capitalists, whose sectional stronghold was the North, and the plantation aristocracy of the slave-holding South; a struggle which was to smash the last barriers to the development of the greatest capitalist nation in the world. But it remains for the Marxist historian to analyze the outcome of that second revolution

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and to discover the extent to which it realized its goal of national unity under the bourgeoisie and completed the job of establishing democracy in America.

James S. Allen is such a historian. His book is an example of scholarship and analysis which not only lays bare and clear the events of the Reconstruction period, withering misconception, but also arms the reader with an understanding of present-day problems which are a legacy of the Civil War.

That war began badly for the North. What Marx discerned at the outset, writing to Engels in the first year, namely that the northern bourgeoisie was doomed to failure unless it acted in a manner befitting a class which was seeking to revolutionize America, the bourgeoisie did not realize till the war had gone on for two years. But by 1862, the Homestead Act, which nationalized the land, and the Emancipation Proclamation, which promulgated the end of chattel slavery in the seceding states, testified to the forging of a leadership that was ready to take any steps necessary to gain the support of the workers and farmers and of the Negro people and win the war. Sherman's march to the sea, with its ruthless destruction, was to be the military counterpart of revolutionary politics aimed at smashing the economic base of the planters.

This much is understood by most contemporary historians; but from this point all cease being liberal and remain merely bourgeois. At best, they gloss over the second phase of the revolution in which the bourgeoisie consolidated its victory against the struggle for democracy on the part of the Negroes and the attempt by the Radical Republicans to continue their policies into the post-war period. At worst, they consider the Reconstruction as a time of corruption and chaos in which the newly freed Negro people are ignorant dupes of scoundrelly carpet-baggers and grafting scalawags. In history and fiction the bourbons have portrayed Reconstruction as a "tragic era"; have sought to prove the myth of white superiority and to hide the historical lessons of the Civil War. Such history is perverted and such fiction remains fiction, as Allen's book, with unimpeachable evidence drawn from the documents of the time, shows.

For Allen, Reconstruction was a battle for democracy. The period saw the end of chattel slavery and the consolidation of the power of the industrial bourgeoisie. It saw also the brief emergence of the Negro people as freed men carrying on a fight for democracy and for the land. It was finally turned into counter-revolution when the old plantation aristocracy became reconciled to northern domination, ending the brief period of Negro liberation, restoring the former rulers of the South to their accustomed ways, and transferring the seat of power to Wall Street.

The differing direction of the class forces united in carrying on the war led to various schemes for Reconstruction, but the plans of the Radical Republicans, representatives of

John Heliker

the petty bourgeoisie which had successfully carried through the war, were to be first hamstrung and finally defeated in the counter-revolutionary alliance of the bourgeoisie and its erstwhile enemy. Most important of Allen's contributions, however, is the description of the steps taken by the Negroes in their attempt to guarantee the promises of freedom.

Allen's insistence on the democratic character of the freed men's movements is borne out in the description of the state conventions, people's assemblies, and Negro militias. One use of the book is soon apparent: it refutes those who declare that complete liberation for the Negro people in the South would mean an end to what rights the southern whites possess today. This refutation is accomplished with the examples of the actual steps toward democracy for both white and Negro taken by the Black Parliaments of the late sixties. And beneath this political action is the seizure of the land by the Negroes as their attempt to smash the old system.

Special mention must be made of the chapter in which Allen deals with a little-treated subject, the relation between the freed Negroes and the rising trade union movement. Here is material which not only foreshadows present problems in trade unionism but also explains one peculiarity of the Negro question in this country. This is illustrated by Frederick Douglass's fear that an alliance of the Negroes with the trade-union and Labor Party-Populist movement, ending their support of the Republican Party, would prove harmful to the interests of the Negroes. A shortcoming, excused perhaps by lack of space, is the failure to discuss in detail the reasons as well as the fact of Douglass's position.

The battle for democracy was to be only partly successful. The victorious industrial bourgeoisie were not to permit completion of the tasks assigned by the second revolution. Had those tasks been completed, had the Negroes retained the land they had seized, let alone received the land promised, had the democracy which was the slogan of the revolution been granted, the history of the whole country as well as of the South might well have been different. At least we would not today see a South with a semi-feudal social system ruled by monopoly capitalism.

Closing mention must be made of the foreword by Richard Enmale, editor of the series of which this book is the second. His critical remarks apropos the bourgeois historians of the period are valuable as an overture to Allen's approach. Included also are excellent appendices containing important documents such as the manifestos of the people's assemblies. The book will be of value not only to the student of history but to the worker and intellectual who wishes to understand the significance of the Civil War and the bearing of this dramatic period upon America today.

DAVID LURIE.

A Doctor's Dilemma

THE CITADEL, *by A. J. Cronin, Little, Brown & Co.* $2.50.

"EVERY doctor I've met swears that practice is a dog's life. . . . *Why* is that? It's because there's *no attempt at organization in our profession.*" In such a manner A. J. Cronin states what seems to be for him the problem, and its solution, of the medical profession. Paradoxical as it may seem, however, the theme of *The Citadel* is not social organization at all, but a representation of one man's road to happiness.

Dr. Andrew Manson begins by working as an assistant to a "company doctor"—the medical neglect of the miners becomes obvious to him, but at no time does he relate this to the social and economic system responsible for it.

In the course of time, Manson rises from obscurity to a position of wealth and renown as a doctor to the idiotic and rich in the West End of London—his work becomes a racket and he an unconscious quack and parasite feeding upon those parasites who feed, if remotely, upon those miners to whom he first brought his surgical aid and medical knowledge.

By a series of fortuitous accidents, the surgical murder of a man and the accidental death of his wife, Dr. Andrew Manson comes to a realization of his moral and spiritual bankruptcy. Seeking again for an ideal—rehabilitation into a functional role in society, a road to life—he returns to his earlier interest in "organization"—but organization of what a kind!

With certain of his medical friends, he organizes a clinic in a semi-agricultural town. Here is the solution, A. J. Cronin would seem to say, to the doctor's problem in a capitalist world—a "solution" which, needless to say, has been tried in the United States.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Brief Reviews

LENA, *by Roger Vercel. Translated from the French by W. B. Wells. Random House.* $2.50.

This Goncourt prize novel for 1934, which has just appeared in America, has as its central theme the degeneration of human personality under the impact of national hatred during the World War. De Quesnay, a French officer, is captured by the Bulgarians after he has been transferred from the air service because he can no longer bring himself to bombard defenseless Bulgarian towns. During the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHESTERS' ZUNBARG
OPEN ALL YEAR
A Delightful Hideaway in the Mountains
If you like uncrowded vacationing, now's the time to come. Quiet excitement, abundant diversion, good company, swell food! Athletics include Bicycling, Roller Skating, Tennis, etc. Musicals, modern library, open fireplaces. Low October Rates for week-long or week-end stays.
WOODBOURNE, N. Y. Tel.: FALLSBURG 53

CAMP NITGEDAIGET
BEACON, N. Y. Beacon 731
ALL SPORTS—GOOD PROGRAMS—DANCING
Hotel and Bungalow Accommodations
$16 per week
City Office: EStabrook 8-1400

New Books
of Particular Interest
to NEW MASSES readers

Volunteer in Spain
BY JOHN SOMMERFIELD
"One of the most vital, terrible and heroic books I ever read."—*John Gunther.*
$1.50

When China Unites
AN INTERPRETIVE HISTORY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION
BY HARRY GANNES
Essential to an understanding of the forces, men and events since 1911 that have brought about the present crisis in the Far East. Detailed, factual, highly readable. $2.50

New Writing
EDITED BY JOHN LEHMANN
"Tells us something of the literary temper among the younger writers, and the internal shaping and criticism of the Marxist influence on literary work and literary thinking."—*Alfred Kazin.* $2.75

Young Henry of Navarre
BY HEINRICH MANN
"A novel so sharply and tensely alive, so dramatic, so profound and beautiful, as to touch every chord of interest and significance and appreciation in the reader s mind."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* 585 pages. $3.00

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·NEW YORK

army's difficult retreat through the mountains, he meets Lena, a nurse who gives him medical care and protection from reprisal. Lena is a violent partisan of Bulgarian independence. She can never quite forget the early horrors perpetrated upon her family by the Turks. But the persistence of her attention belies its cold official surface, and de Quesnay on his side finds his suspicion as a prisoner violently alternating with a personal interest in this heroic representative of an oppressed nationality. He is confused as to the degree to which love outweighs passion in his own motives. He is uncertain whether in Lena the love she certainly felt would overcome her fanaticism for national honor.

Though he is free of all Marxist intention, Vercel, with the honesty of a first-rate writer, has had to depict the lives of Lena and de Quesnay as symbolic of their dance to death. Passion for them cannot be held in check by love, because love itself must be stultified by time-worn notions of honor and patriotism. They cannot pass beyond national hatreds and attain a genuine human relationship. With unusual skill Vercel has delineated the self-torture of this cultivated French officer who finds that war demoralizes his sense of honor and permits it only too late to break the gordian knot, perversely to avenge its own impotence by imposing the chance for death at another's hands. But Lena has been caught in the same trap, and though, of course, de Quesnay cannot see it so, she has been similarly freed by her murder from the insufficiency of these same moves as a guide to conduct. Only annihilation has been able to solve the conflict between the code of chauvinism and the normal human need for affection and comradeship.

E. B. B.

FREE LANCE, *by E. Alexander Powell. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.00.

Colonel E. Alexander Powell, one of the most shallow and superficial of our foreign correspondents, has published another newspaperman's memoirs that veer not the slightest from the tradition of his numerous other books. It gains effect by cheap language in its descriptions of faraway places, "exotic" language calculated to make the stay-at-home hicks mad with envy. He does nothing to repudiate the charges of Nazism made by Raymond Moley and Samuel Dickstein after the publication of Powell's *Long Roll on the Rhine.* He lauds Hitler for his grace, wisdom, and kindness to children, then takes a few unconvincing exceptions to the Nazi *Weltanschauung.* His treatment of the Soviet Union is shabby and stupid; and his consummate bad taste is summed up, I feel, in his choice of a gift to Haile Selassie some ten or twelve years before the Italian invasion. Hearing that it was customary to present the Lion of Judah with some token of esteem, Powell chose as his present one of the new tommy guns (Thompson machine guns), because he felt that it would be "a handy thing to have around the palace in case of a revolution."

R. H. R.

COLLECTED POEMS, *by James Joyce. Viking Press.* $2.50.

It is interesting to read the early, minor work of a great artist and observe the incipient mannerisms and influences that mature in his major work. Music exercises an important influence in the writings of James Joyce. In his *Collected Poems* the musical strain is dominant. This volume includes *Chamber Music,* published in 1918, *Pomes Penyeach* published in 1927 in a limited edition, and "Ecce Puer," a short poem of filial love. Most of the poems in the book are songs of romantic love, written to be sung—a fact that should prove particularly interesting to our modern poets, since most of them seem to have lost their hearing.

Chamber Music, patterned after the Elizabethan love lyric, strikes its own original musical metrics although, with one or two exceptions, it lacks the vigor and fulsomeness of the Elizabethan songsters. In *Pomes Penyeach* the musical motif is inter-

A BOOK ABOUT A GREAT MAN THAT YOU WILL WANT!

JOHN REED
By
GRANVILLE HICKS

The greatness of John Reed is a legend that has been handed down never to be forgotten. It is a true legend of the making of a revolutionary.

He was born in Portland, Oregon, the grandson of one of the city's founders and leading businessmen; he died from typhus in Moscow and was buried under the Kremlin. Here is the story of his boyhood, his Harvard days, his experiences with the *American Magazine* and the MASSES; with Villa's men in Mexico as a reporter of the revolution against Huerta; as correspondent in the World War; as one of the founders of the Provincetown Players; in 1917-1918 as correspondent for the MASSES and the *Call* in Russia (where his observations resulted not only in his masterpiece, *Ten Days That Shook the World,* but in his complete acceptance of the Bolshevik position); in the Socialist Party; in the founding of the Communist Labor Party, and finally in Russia again in the fall of 1919 in the service of the Bolsheviks up to the time of his death.

To perpetuate the memory and legend of John Reed we are offering you this opportunity to get *John Reed* by Granville Hicks together with a year's subscription to the NEW MASSES for $5.50, a saving of $2.50.

JOHN REED
By GRANVILLE HICKS
(*$3.50*)

NEW MASSES
ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION
(*$4.50*)

BOTH FOR $5.50

NEW MASSES, 31 E. 27th St., N. Y. C.
Enclosed please find $5.50 for which send me a one year's subscription to the NEW MASSES and a copy of *John Reed* by Granville Hicks.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....N.M. 10-19
No agent's commission on this special offer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woven with a dramatic image. "Nightpiece," "On the Beach at Fontana," and "A Memory of the Players," reveal the simple unit of musical ideographic speech which is fundamental to the prose style of *Ulysses*. This unit of speech has become much more complex in Joyce's unfinished *Work in Progress* where, specifically, in a poem like "Anna Livia Plurabelle," at one and the same time the dramatic story of a river and the heroine of Everyman, the language has become transformed into magical conundrums filled with musical and imagistic subtleties.

S. F.

A HISTORY OF THE MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY FAR EAST, *by Paul Hibbert Clyde. Prentice-Hall.* $6.

This large book was presumably written as a study guide for college students. As such, it covers a vast amount of ground with a thin layer of information and analysis. The bulk of the book is devoted to China and Japan, though there are chapters on the Philippines and on American, British, and Soviet policy. Most of the book is concerned with political events and issues, but there is a fair amount of economic, social, and cultural background thrown in. No other book has yet integrated Far Eastern problems quite as well or on as large a scale, though it is a pity that the one under review does not do the job with greater depth.

Some caution is necessary in reading the book because the author frequently leans over backward in favor of Japan. For example, he balks at the idea that Japan is fully responsible for the establishment of "Manchukuo," the three provinces that once were called Manchuria, and chooses to stress at some length the traditional differences between the Manchus and the Chinese. It is well known, however, that the overwhelming majority of the people of Manchuria are Chinese. To overcome this objection in advance, the author alleges that the "Chinese, when they moved northward, became Manchurian, at least in politics." Students of the Far East will have some difficulty in accepting or even interpreting this sentence; for many centuries the Manchus were alien conquerors whose rule was as a plague over China. For the Chinese to become Manchus "in politics" is simply a political anomaly. It is further admitted, in explanation of the Manchurian conquest, that Manchuria would never have become "independent" were it not for the "September incident," namely, the occupation of Mukden by the Japanese army. This is a very mild and inadequate way of portraying a situation which, in reality, consisted of nothing less than deliberate Japanese aggression against the people of Manchuria. It is characteristic of the book that the status of Manchuria today should be described as "independent" without quotes.

T. D.

★

Recently Recommended Books

The Goncourt Journals: 1851-1870, by Edmond and Jules de Concourt. Edited and translated by Lewis Galantière. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter and Other Poems, by Frederico Garcia Lorca. In the original Spanish with the English translation by A. L. Lloyd. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Race: A Study in Modern Superstition, by Jacques Barzun. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

When China Unites: An Interpretative History of the Chinese Revolution, by Harry Gannes. Knopf. $2.50.

. . . *And Spain Sings. Fifty Loyalist Ballads.* Edited by M. J. Bernadete and Rolfe Humphries. Vanguard. $1.

Men Who Lead Labor, by Bruce Minton and John Stuart. Modern Age Books. 35c. Book Union selection.

17 Introductory Offer weeks of THE *Nation*

$1 for only

LESS THAN 6¢ A COPY

We offer this bargain to New Masses readers because we want you to see for yourselves why the circulation of *The Nation* surpasses that of all other progressive weeklies—and is now at an all-time *Nation* high.

We want you to see how effectively we accept the challenge of the intelligent minority to publish the facts behind the news. We want you to see how authoritatively we interpret these facts from the progressive point of view—how our correspondents, feature writers, and editors clarify the headlines of today and prepare you for those of tomorrow—how carefully we scrutinize every public issue and show you whether it is a stride forward or a step backward.

During the next 17 tempestuous weeks you will read in *The Nation* 170 lively editorial paragraphs—51 full-length editorials—136 candid reviews of the new books, plays, films and recorded music—119 courageous articles including:

Harland Allen on *the stock market slump*—Philip Bernstein on the *plight of the Jews in Germany today*—Max Lerner on *Douglas of the S.E.C.* and on *La Guardia*—I. F. Stone on *the differences between the threat of kaiserism and that of fascism*—John De Wilde on *Von Schacht and the internal battle of financial policy in Germany*—Oliver Carlson on *Los Angeles, the story of its industrial growth and of the corresponding rise of its militant labor movement*—Claude McKay on *Harlem's trend toward unionism*—Louis Fischer on *Spain*—Sidney Hertzberg on *the American Federation of Labor convention*—Louis Adamic on *recent labor developments.*

The regular price of *The Nation* is 15c a copy, $5 a year. But if you act at once you may have the next 17 weeks for only $1.00.

Mail the order form below *today!*

N.M. 10-19

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street, New York City

I enclose $1 for which you will please send me the next 17 weeks of The Nation.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Extra Postage: Canadian, 17c; Foreign, 34c)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

"Stage Door" and other films—New plays by Ben Hecht and Rachel Crothers

GREGORY LA CAVA, the director of *My Man Godfrey,* and before that of the unusual *Private Worlds,* has made of *Stage Door* (R.K.O.) a rather sensitive and intelligent film. His material centers around a theatrical boarding house in the East Fifties, crowded with fresh-faced, flamboyant girls who have come to New York to be famous, and instead find themselves involved in the cruel mechanism of the theatrical world, the waiting, the endless expedients by which a little money lasts a long time, the lucky break which has nothing to do with talent. Within this framework, the movie concerns the movement of relationships among the twenty or so women in this single boarding house.

There are few men and none of them are treated with anything but cynicism. They represent a way of getting along, of getting sables or a seventy-five-cent dinner. The real "love affair," in the sense of a human relationship which is close, fiery, which undergoes shifts and revulsions, is that between Jean (Ginger Rogers), and Terry (Katherine Hepburn). Hepburn's hard, beautiful face and cold crisp habit of movement, flashing through doorways or forward past the camera with a kind of masculine energy—all her acting serves especially to emphasize this point. It is this relationship which is the real body of the film, which gives tension to the obvious procedures of the plot.

Ginger Rogers reproduces in Jean a type of woman peculiarly American—harsh, tight, wise-cracking, tender, with the wry romanticism stimulated by good clothes (borrowed) or too much champagne (with a price); wanting to know of the gentleman who is, by his usually infallible methods, trying to get her to sleep over, why Pygmalion didn't get to marry his statue Galatea. Jean is a new character for the American screen, a kind of parallel to Jimmie Cagney's portraits of taximen or aviators. The dialogue written for her part, as well as that for most of the women, is very clever, hard, and funny—perhaps too funny. Especially as concerns the producer Powell and his slimy and exquisite butler Harcourt, one would have liked to have seen both parts built more solidly and more incisively, to have seen Powell (Adolph Menjou) in his business dealings and Harcourt (Franklin Pangborn) in his kitchen. But as George S. Kaufman (one of the authors of the original play) once remarked, Hollywood wants to be amused; and "satire is what closes on Saturday night."

The scene as Kaye (Andrea Leeds) walks up the staircase to commit suicide, and hears the whispers backstage, the creak of pulleys, the cues, the applause roaring in her mind, is a terrifying piece of craftsmanship; the sight of Jean appearing at the door of Terry's dressing room, coming to revenge herself with the news of Kaye's death; the incense burner and the fake portraits of Powell—all have a power and delicacy which is very rare in commercial films. Yet for some reason La Cava refrained from using to any extent that simplest and most potent method device—the close-up; perhaps out of fear of provoking an intensity of emotion that would be less familiar than tears.

The plot itself is rather too easy, depending too much on the fact that one of the chief characters is a society girl with money, with the self-confidence that comes with it and helps to crash offices—to get a part (her father is secretly supplying the money) and make fine speeches after the curtain falls. All these mechanical devices distract the attention from the real successes of the film, the despair, the shallow and incomplete lives, the empty and casual cruelties of people to one another. "That's all I hear around here," says one of the characters, "is food and men, food and men." And someone answers her with a bitter sentence that might be the real climax of the film: "What else is there to talk about?"

DAVID WOLFF.

AMERICAN "quickie" producers and distributors have discovered exploitation value in the term "documentary" film. A few years ago casual films from foreign countries were called travelogues. Had *This Is China* (at the Cameo Theater, N. Y.) been presented as a travelogue and not as a documentary film with great social significance and artistic worth, there would be no let-down. Social implications and artistic pretensions have, however, been forced on the film. There are very many interesting shots of all parts of China. But the film is badly edited, and the commentary by Jack Foster of the New York *World Telegram* adds very little to the film. While *This Is China* is not very much of a documentary film, it does contain some very exciting sequences of an opium den.

The spur that the Museum of Modern Art Film Library has given to film revivals is becoming increasingly evident. New Yorkers have generally found that most of the revival programs have been prohibitive because of membership restrictions or high admission prices. The Y.M.H.A. Cinema Guild, however, is running a series of ten showings at its auditorium at Lexington Avenue and 92nd Street in New York. The first five will be Museum of Modern Art revivals and will include *Greed* and *Anna Christie,* the first Garbo talkie. The second series consists of revivals of more recent important films. The most important feature of the program is the subscription price: two dollars for the entire series of ten showings.

Woodcut by G. Paz-Perez

And as we go to press, the good news arrives that Pennsylvania's Governor Earle, after seeing *The Spanish Earth* (Joris Ivens, Ernest Hemingway, etc.), has lifted his censor's ban. Readers in the Keystone State should not miss it.

PETER ELLIS.

THE THEATER

TIME—marches on! Three seasons ago Robert E. Sherwood wrote *The Petrified Forest,* a play about a disillusioned intellectual who found fulfillment only in death because he could leave his insurance policy to a girl. Now in 1937, Ben Hecht has written *To Quito and Back* about another such intellectual, Alexander Sterns, who goes to Equador, where a revolution is brewing. He too finds fulfillment only in death, but—and this is where *To Quito and Back* differs from *The Petrified Forest* because it was written three years later and the world and ideas have changed—he finds it by dedicating the closing span of his life to a cause greater than his own "moth-eaten ego," the cause of the people, of freedom and bread.

Unfortunately *To Quito and Back* is a bad play, for Mr. Hecht's ideas are a hopeless welter of confusion and run the whole gamut from Marxism to fascism. On the credit side, the play must be listed as an honest picture of a man "in search of his soul," a fine tribute to the prime cause of revolution—hunger, the hunger of men who search in garbage cans for food—with a stirring conclusion in which Sterns not only spurs the revolutionary leader, Zamiano, to fight to the last ditch against the fascist counter-revolution, but goes with him. You can fight to win, he tells him, and if you lose you will at least leave behind you a name and a story and a song that will bring courage to other fighters in years to come. And that is what happens, for the callous American journalist brings in a story of a heroic Thermopylæ, in which the last worker fought to the death. We hear the song of the workers, low but triumphant as the curtain falls.

But the debit side of the account is long. The revolutionary leader is a caricature on the model of the title hero of *Viva Villa.* The revolutionary cabinet meeting includes a Moscow "revolutionist" complete with beard and sideburns, who talks like a fascist, demanding that the domestic crisis be solved by making

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNA SOKOLOW
and Dance Unit

WILL BE INTRODUCED TO
NEW YORK AUDIENCES
IN THEIR
FIRST FORMAL CONCERT DEBUT
AT THE GUILD THEATER
245 WEST 52D STREET, N. Y. C.
SUNDAY EVENING
NOVEMBER 14 AT 8:30
ALEX NORTH, PIANIST

The NEW MASSES *is pleased to be able to sponsor this important event*

Tickets: 55 cents to $2.20; Phone Reservations
CALEDONIA 5-3076

LEARN TO DANCE

Our purpose is to efficiently teach men and women to dance in the shortest possible time at a fee within the reach of all. Informal (mixed) classes for beginners in waltz, fox-trot, tango, etc. Develop rhythm, poise, steps, under direction of competant teachers. Registration daily: 2-11 p.m.

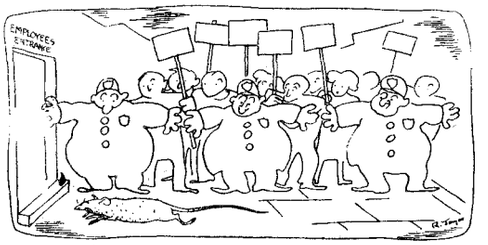
SOCIAL DANCE GROUP
94 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
Bet. 14th & 15th Sts.
GRamercy 5-9264

Programs arranged for the entertainment of our students and friends.

Friday: Musical — Dance
Saturday: Dance Social
Sunday: Lecture — Dance

EVERYBODY WELCOME

A School That Is Different



Robert Joyce

war on neighboring Peru, and a Negro dressed up like Emperor Jones whose sole contribution is a reiterated "yes, boss." We are accustomed by now to the sudden literary conversion, but the hero of *To Quito and Back* sets a new record for agility; within a few minutes he denounces the people as their own worst enemy, incapable of thought, and proclaims his faith in them: "I believe in the people—I believe in tomorrow—I believe in a new world."

Stern's emotional vagaries are never properly integrated into the revolutionary part of the plot; the conversation shifts arbitrarily from society to love and back, and the play languishes until the electric finale. The production is below the usual Guild standards, crude and halting, and the cast, with the exception of Evelyn Varden who is materially aided by some really funny lines, gives a wooden, unstressed performance.

This same motif of lack of a faith is, at bottom, the theme of Rachel Crother's comedy about Buchmanism, *Susan and God*. "I don't think it makes much difference what it is as long as it's something to believe in or hang on to," one of the characters remarks of the new revelation. But Miss Crothers essays a much smaller canvas than Mr. Hecht, and within the limits she sets herself she does a superlative job. Susan Trexel's life is a noisy vacuum, for her husband is a hopeless drunkard and she has shut her daughter away at school and camp. She espouses "the new way to God" and is beginning to reform all her worldly friends when her new creed becomes a boomerang; her drunken husband hears her say that with God's help any man can be remade. He demands one last chance, promising her the divorce she wants if he once breaks his word to stop drinking, in return for her help. Caught in the net of her own professions, she makes a bargain of it. Actually it is affection for his daughter and his hope of winning back the wife whom he still loves that keep Barrie Trexel going straight. In the end Susan realizes that she has been pushing off on a convenient deity the job that is really hers.

Throughout the play the author is able to shift with skill and sincerity from crackling wit to poignant emotion. But in the third act the emphasis changes from comedy to Ibsenesque drama, and the motivation falters. Although both the dramatist and the leading actress prepare for the happy ending with great technical skill, the satiric edge of the play is blunted by Susan's reawakened love and domesticity.

But for the first two acts *Susan and God* comes very near the level of brilliant satire.

Back to Spain

DR. EDWARD H. BARSKY returns to Spain where he has established eight hospitals. One hundred American doctors and nurses are there now. Forty-nine ambulances operating day and night are a symbol of American democracy and humanitarianism. Dr. Barsky is taking back with him a hospital on wheels. An operating room, a bullet-proof ambulance and other cars. This will mean that hundreds of lives will be saved. To bid him farewell a dinner has been arranged in the Grand Ballroom of the HOTEL NEW YORKER, 34th Street and 8th Avenue on WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 27th (7:30), at which speakers will include SYLVIA SIDNEY, DR. NORMAN BETHUNE, DR. WALTER B. CANNON, ROCKWELL KENT, LANGDON POST and OTHERS. Tickets available at Room 1107, 110 West 40th Street. (PHONE PEnnsylvania 6-2504). PRICE $2.75. You can make your donation for medical supplies and bandages on the blank below:

MEDICAL BUREAU to Aid Spanish Democracy
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City NM

I enclose $..... for the Dr. Barsky dinner at the Hotel New Yorker on October 27th. Also $..... for medical supplies for Dr. Barsky to take to Spain.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

FRI. Oct. 15th
MECCA TEMPLE
130 W. 56th St., 8:30 P. M.

RALPH BATES

Distinguished British Author
Captain "Lincoln Brigade"

"HOW WILL THE WAR IN SPAIN END?"

Admission: 25c and 50c

Auspices Friends of Lincoln Brigade, 125 West 45th Street. Tel. LOngacre 3-6215 & League of American Writers, 381 Fourth Avenue, Tel.: MU. 3-0807.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. BATES ON HIS NORTH AMERICAN SPEAKING TOUR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

12 SUN. EVENINGS AT NINE

(Nov. 21) EFREM ZIMBALIST
(Oct. 31) CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
(Jan. 9) POVLA FRIJSH
(Feb. 6) VICTOR CHENKIN
(Jan. 2) BRUNO EISNER
(Dec. 12) ANGNA ENTERS
(Feb. 20) GREGOR PIATIGORSKY
(Feb. 27) ANDRES SEGOVIA
(Dec. 19) BLANCHE YURKA
(Jan. 23) ZFIRAH-NARDI

JOSEF LHEVINNE (Apr. 10)
and one other to be announced

12 RECITALS FOR $7.50
All Seats One Price *All Seats Reserved*

5 MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM REVIVALS

INTOLERANCE (Oct. 14) | GREED (Nov. 18)
SCREEN COMEDIES (Oct. 28) | THE LOVE PARADE (Dec. 9)
ANNA CHRISTIE (Dec. 23)

Subscribers to Major Series Pay Only 50c for 5 Films—Others Pay $1

Young Men's Hebrew Association
Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400

SUNDAY, OCT. 17 AT 2:30
PHILADELPHIA BALLET
Catherine Littlefield, Director
SUITE (Bach): *AUBADE* (Poulenc):
PAVANE (Ravel): *DIVERTISSEMENTS:*
Y.M.H.A. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.
Tickets: One Dollar Telephone: AT 9-2400

AMERICAN ARTISTS SCHOOL

Day, Evening & Weekend Classes
in Drawing ● Painting ● Composition ● Methods of Painting ● Portrait ● Mural ● Water Color ● Illustration and Social Satire ● Sculpture ● Wood and Stone Carving ● Graphic Arts
Photography
for
Beginning and Advanced Students and Children
Tuition: $5 a month and up
Catalog on request
American Artists School, Inc.
131 West 14th St. New York City
CHelsea 3-9621

CHAS... BERNEY
OPTOMETRIST
86th St., right at Bay Parkway
On West End BMT Line
BEnsonhurst 4-8373

ADVERTISE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR IN
the NEW MASSES under
"GOINGS-ON"
A New Column Devoted to What's On Around Town
Parties, Dances, Lectures, Etc.
DEADLINE: FRIDAY, 5 p. m.
RATES: 40 Cents a Line
6 words to a line Minimum 3 lines

John Heliker

As written by Miss Crothers and played by Gertrude Lawrence, the portrait of Susan is keen as well as comic. Miss Lawrence may use too many gestures and fall into clichés of pose and intonation, but she runs the gamut from high comedy to restrained tenderness with virtuosity and deep feeling. Paul McGrath emerges as an actor of the first rank in the part of Barrie, and Nancy Kelly is a refreshingly simple stage adolescent.

I have said that within the limits she sets herself Miss Crothers does a good job, and that those limits are narrow. Buchmanism is a social manifestation whose roots go deep and whose implications are far-reaching. But beyond a brief remark that Susan is spoiled and wealthy, the author makes no attempt to gauge *why* this new gospel should take such a devastating hold in certain classes of society. She shows its fruits—hypocrisy, meddling, neglect of the immediate need for the glamorous "mission"—but she eschews real social analysis. In the same vein, she indicates the superficiality and falseness of the people she writes about but, like S. N. Behrman and other would-be satirists, she finds them charming just the same. For these reasons *Susan and God* falls short of what it might have been. We have in the theater today a plethora of cleverness and humor; what is urgently needed is a writer who will turn these weapons to some significant intellectual end.

The Irish Players are back, somewhat diminished in personnel but with unshaken gusto. Perhaps it is undue familiarity, but the production of *The Plough and the Stars* appeared over-simplified not to say naïve, and O'Casey's bitter fulminations against the lackadaisicalness of the Irish, the bloodshed of revolution, and the follies of a class-conscious proletarian too confused and undiscriminating to be relished. But his characterizations still have a flavor and richness of phrase which show up triumphantly against the anæmia of most of the characters that populate our native drama, and the

A NEW TRIUMPH . . .
THE ARTEF PLAYERS
in "THEIR MOST FLAWLESS PRODUCTION"—*World Telegram*
THE OUTLAW
M. KULBACK'S International success
Directed by BENNO SCHNEIDER
"A fine lyrical drama."—NEW YORK TIMES
"Benno Schneider has created a delightful and beautiful production."—HERALD TRIBUNE
NEW LOCATION **ARTEF** THEATRE formerly Daly's **63rd ST.** East of B'WAY
Prices: 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50 Circle 6-0555 Evgs. 8:30 Matinees Sat. and Sun.

PERETZ HIRSHBEIN'S
Immortal Classic
Green Fields
גרינע פעלדער
Direction of Jacob Ben Ami and Edgar Ulmer
Featuring Jewish Art Theatre and Artef Players
"CHINA STRIKES BACK"
Scenes of Eighth Route Army, Mao Tse-Tung, Gen. Chu-Teh,
A Frontier Film Production
SQUIRE
44th St. at 8 Ave.
Tel.: Col 5-1686
25c to 1 P.M. (exc. Sat., Sun. & Hol.)

NOW SHOWING—9th WEEK on B'WAY:
ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S
terrific indictment of fascism!
SPANISH EARTH
—EXTRA!—
Prize-Winning Documentary
SONG OF CEYLON
ALSO: First Showing!
"THUNDER OVER THE ORIENT"
WORLD—49 St. Just E. of 7th Ave. Tel.: CI 7-5747
SPECIAL RATES to Students & Organizations

2 SCREEN TRIUMPHS!
HARRY BAUER in Dostoievski's "CRIME ET CHATIMENT"
"THE NEW GULLIVER"
"Magnificent!"—*Times*
PRESIDENT THEATRE—48th St. W. of B'way
CI 7-3994. Cont. 25c Noon to 5—40c Eves.

EXHIBITION
Lithographs and Drawings
JACK MARKOW
October 10 to 23, 1937
A.C.A. GALLERY
52 WEST 8 STREET
NEW YORK CITY

GALA DANCE & ENTERTAINMENT
Bill Matons and His Dance Group
SKITS, PRIZES AND MORE
Saturday Eve., Oct. 16 Tom Paine Club
Subscription 50c 4 W. 18th St.

MUSIC LOVERS
100,000 of the finest records in the world, playable on any phonograph, on sale at 50c & 75c per record (value $1.50 & $2). The Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas, etc., of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, etc. Mail Orders. Catalogue.
The Gramophone Shop, Inc., 18 East 48th St., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"GOINGS-ON"

MEMO: Keep November 14th open! Greet ANNA SOKOLOW and Dance unit in their debut at Guild Theatre. Make your reservations now at New Masses office, 31 E. 27th St. Tickets, 55c—$2.20.

LECTURE BY DR. CHAO-TING CHI, NOTED CHINESE AUTHOR, EDITOR OF AMERASIA—on "Storm over Asia—Why China Cannot Lose." Sunday, October 24th, 8:30 P. M. Concert League, 846 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Subscription: 49 cents.

DO YOU NEED A BAND for your "Goings-On?" For any number of pieces call Vernon Griffith's Club Valhalla Orchestra, EDgecomb 4-8792.

WORKERS SCHOOL FORUM: SPEAKER, MAX BEDACHT, just returned from Spain. Topic: New Developments in Spain. Saturday, October 16, 2:30 p. m., at 35 East 12th Street. Admission: 25c.

FREE CONCERTS—Selected recordings of the works of Spanish composers will be heard this week at the Workers Bookshop, 50 E. 13 St., 1-2 p. m. and 7-8 p. m.

WATCH AD FOR BLANCHE EVAN PROGRAM OF DANCE CHARACTERIZATIONS IN NEXT WEEK'S NEW MASSES.

Security for Social Workers by Harald H. Lund

SOCIAL WORK today

MAY • 1937 15¢ A COPY

Organization and Support of Social Work

The Second of a Series
Re-evaluating Social Work
Harry L. Lurie

HARLEM COMES OF AGE
Lester B. Granger

UNEMPLOYMENT AND SOCIETY
Ruth F. Benedict

THE SIT-IN HITS SOCIAL WORK
First-hand Reports from
Detroit - Pittsburgh - New York

FRONT PAGE NEWS

SOCIAL WORK TODAY Brings you news that is the concern of every thinking social worker.

Social Security	Social Legislation
Relief Practices	CIO and Labor
Social Action	Spanish Democracy

Do you feel that these subjects are related to you and your job as a social worker? SOCIAL WORK TODAY says "yes" and tells you why.

WHYS AND WHEREFORS

The magazine that brings to social workers a realistic yardstick; that covers news of trade-union developments among social service employees; that gives you practical evaluations of current social work thinking; that has "vision, clarity, and courage" because it speaks out for decent personnel and relief standards, and introduces to the field a broader, healthier approach to the environment in which we work.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

SOCIAL WORK TODAY
6 East 46th Street, New York City

Please enter my subscription for SOCIAL WORK TODAY (9 issues), for which I enclose $1.00 (Canada: $1.25).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

NM 10-19

languor of his plot is compensated by the raciness of his language. ELEANOR FLEXNER.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Chopin Anniversary Program. Henry Sztompka, pianist, playing Chopin's piano from Warsaw, Sun., Oct. 17, 11:30 a.m., N.B.C. blue.

National Negro Congress. A portion of the proceedings of the congress in Philadelphia will be broadcast Sun., Oct. 17, 2 p.m., C.B.S.

"Green Mansions." World premiere of the first opera written especially for radio by Louis Gruenberg, Sun., Oct. 17, 3 p.m., C.B.S.

"The Killers." Columbia Workshop presents a dramatization of Ernest Hemingway's short story, Sun., Oct. 17, 8 p.m., C.B.S.

Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews. Talk on "Ancient Man in Asia" sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History, Mon., Oct. 18, 6:15 p.m., C.B.S.

Dr. Lloyd F. Craver. Lymphatic glands are the subject of this Academy of Medicine broadcast by an attending physician at the Memorial Hospital, Wed, Oct. 20, 3:45 p.m., C.B.S.

"The Daughter of Jorio." Gabriele d'Annunzio's play dramatized by the N.B.C. Radio Guild, Fri., Oct. 22, 3 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

"I've Got the Tune." Columbia Workshop presents a unique radio satire on fascism and other present-day problems, written on commission by Marc Blitzstein, outstanding young American composer and author of *The Cradle Will Rock.*

Mozart Festival. Broadcast from Prague, Fri., Oct. 29, 1:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Arturo Toscanini. The maestro conducts the British Broadcasting Co. orchestra in the Brahms *Requiem* and *Tragic Overture,* Sat., Oct. 30, 3:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

100 Men and a Girl. Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski contribute pleasant entertainment to a slight story about unemployed musicians.

Something to Sing About. Cagney fans will like him even in the role of a band-leaer.

Heart of Spain. Frontier Films' documentary on medical aid to Spain has been rightly called "pictorial dynamite."

The Lower Depths. Gorki's famous play of the dregs of humanity is brought to the screen by Jean Renoir with a script that Gorki personally approved before his death.

THEATER

The Star Wagon (Empire, N. Y.). Maxwell Anderson's warm slice of Americana, fuzzy ideologically but greatly helped by Burgess Meredith, Lillian Gish, and Russell Collins.

A Hero Is Born (Adelphi, N. Y.). Theresa Helburn's extravaganza from an Andrew Lang story. A jolly job of fairy-tale satire by the W.P.A. theater.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDINGS

Mozart. A string quartet in D played by the Pro Arte Quartet with Alfred Hobday as second viola (Victor, Set 350) and a piano sonata in B-flat (Columbia, Set X-79), beautifully captured by Walter Gieseking, are among this season's new contributions to Mozartiana.

Handel. Columbia's version of the D-major sonata (17098/9D) provides a fascinating contrast with Musicraft's version (1030/1) of the F-major sonata.

Shakespeare. A new mechanical principle has enabled Columbia to do a magnificent waxing of four scenes from *King Richard II* with Maurice Evans and his company (Set 303).

CLASSIFIED ADS 40c a line

6 words in a line **3 lines minimum**

VERMONT

AUTUMN GLORY in Vt.! Hunt, fish, rest with small group of progressives Sept. to Thanksgiving, $15 week. Write Ethan Allen Farm, R.F.D. No. 2, Chester, Vt.

VACATION CAMPS RESORTS

CAMP FOLLOWERS OF THE TRAIL
Enjoy a glorious Indian Summer in beautiful Blue Mountain country. Fall Sports. Excellent food. Steam-heated house. Low winter rates. N. Y. Central to Peekskill. Write Buchanan, New York, or Phone Peekskill 2879.

BERT FRIEDBERG invites you to a delightful farm situated on 150 acres of beautiful country. Always pleasant companionship. Good food. Tennis, riding. Special Fall Rates.

THE HIL-BERT HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N. Y. **Telephone: Mahopac 2083**

FURNISHED ROOMS (Brooklyn)

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL
37 Minutes from Times Square
Live in this modern fire-proof hotel away from city noise. Singles $5.50 weekly, up.
SHeepshead 3-3000

TO SHARE

MODERN three-room apartment. Sunny, attractively furnished room. Separate entrance. Share with one other person. Rent $22 per mo. W. 13 St. AL 4-7121.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

MEN AND WOMEN interested in earning good salary selling New Masses. See George Clay, District Distributors, 37 E. 12th St., 2nd floor.

PLAY TABLE TENNIS

PLAY TABLE TENNIS (Ping-Pong) at the Broadway Table Tennis Court, 1721 Broadway, bet. 54th-55th Sts., N. Y. C. One flight up. Expert instruction, open from noon until 1 A. M. Tel.: CO 5-9088.

PIANO TUNING

PIANO TUNING, regulating and repairing. Tone restoring and voicing. Excellent work. Ralph J. Appleton, 247 West 34th Street. Tel.: LOngacre 5-5843.

PICTURE FRAMES

FINE PICTURE FRAMING—Complete selection of modern prints. Reasonable prices. **Kanner Adel Frame & Pictures Co., 41 E. 29th St., N. Y. C. MU 4-2549.**

BABY CARRIAGES

SAUL'S, 31 Graham Ave., Cor. Cook St., Brooklyn. Juvenile Furniture, Bilt-Rite carriages, highchairs, Storkline cribs, chifferobes. Open even'gs. EV 7-8542.

HAND LAUNDRY—TAILOR

SHIRTS, 10c; UNDERWEAR, 5c; SHEETS, 6c. Pound-work finished, 10c lb. Mending and darning free.
ARTISTIC HAND LAUNDRY & TAILOR
236 West 10th Street **Tel. WAtkins 9-1721**

RUSSIAN ART

PEASANT HANDICRAFTS FROM USSR. Large selection of blouses, linens, shawls, novelties. OUR ONLY STORE. Russian Art Shop, Inc., 9 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

SOCIAL (BALLROOM) DANCING

SOCIAL DANCE GROUP, starting classes in Waltz, Foxtrot, Tango, etc. For men and women beginners. Registration daily, 2 to 11 p.m. 94 Fifth Ave. (14th St.) Pallas, GRamercy 5-9264.

ELECTROLYSIS

MEN AND WOMEN, superfluous hair on face and other parts of the body permanently removed by electrolysis. Personal service. Quick results guaranteed. My method endorsed by prominent physicians. **Charles Landis, 317 W. 77 St. nr. W. End Ave. EN 2-9150.**

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES

PROSPECT PEOPLES BOOKSHOP and circulating library for Masses readers moved to 920 Prospect Avenue, Bronx, near subway station.

WORKERS BOOKSHOP Circulating Library, 50 E. 13th Street, now fully restocked and reorganized. (Do you like our new balcony?) Join today. Nominal fees.

MAILING SERVICE

COMPLETE MAILING SERVICE: We are prepared to handle your Printing, Multigraphing, Mimeographing and Mailing needs. Quick service, low prices, any quantities. **MAILERS ADVERTISING SERVICE, 121 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. BRyant 9-5053.**

VOLUNTEERS

VOLUNTEER clerical workers to help in New Masses circulating campaign. Call at 31 East 27th Street, Room 42.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
OCT 15 1937
EDUCATION

Yes!

"Yes, Yes, Yes!" Says Lion Feuchtwanger to the Spirit of

MOSCOW 1937

LION FEUCHTWANGER is nobody's yes-man. He went to the Soviet Union as a liberal and a democrat—sympathetic, inevitably curious; but beset by doubts that were not lessened by reading Andre Gide's petulant report of small imperfections in the land of socialism.

He stayed in Moscow ten days, and was in no hurry to write about it when he got home. But his conscience would not let him wait. The Soviets' enemies will not wait. "No writer who has seen something great should ever withhold his evidence," writes Feuchtwanger in his introduction. "Therefore I am bearing witness."

This is no scientific treatise like the Webb volumes. It is no thorough array of facts and anecdotes like Albert Rhys Williams' "The Soviets." But in the intimate letter-like story of "my visit described for my friends" Feuchtwanger gives you the heart and the soul of the Soviet Union, so simply, so grandly that if you have any honesty in you and *had* any doubts, you will wonder how you could have lacked faith for an instant.

When you have finished this sincere account you will feel you are indeed one of the "friends" he wrote it for, and long afterwards your thoughts will echo the closing sentence—*"It does one good after all the compromise of the West to see an achievement such as this, to which a man can say yes, yes, yes, with all his heart."* . . .

You'll say yes, too, to this special combination offer of "Moscow 1937" and the New Masses for six months—both for $3.50. Don't you want this book? Don't you want the New Masses. Place your order at once. The coupon below makes it easy.

NEW MASSES, 31 E. 27 St., N. Y.

I enclose $3.50. Please send me "Moscow 1937" by Lion Feuchtwanger and the New Masses for six months in accordance with your special offer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

OCCUPATION..... 10-19

No agent's commission on this special offer

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

MOSCOW 1937 *by Lion Feuchtwanger*

NEW MASSES *for Six Months (26 Issues)*

$3.50 *for both*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED